a/
s/

25

Mr. Holtz Hoefair Enquire at the Theature

Daniel Bowen, Esq.

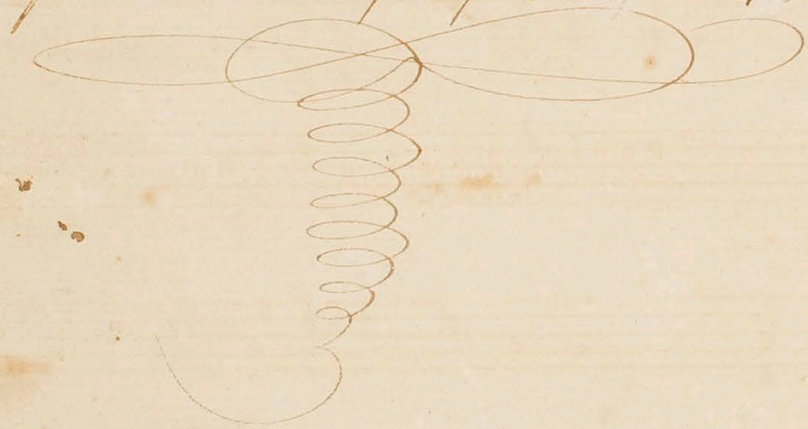
Philadelphia, Oct. 20. 1790.

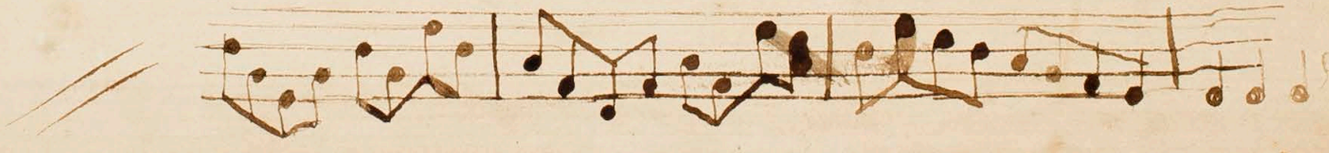
The little Gentle Girl & Prattling Boy
The Mama's Comfort & the Dada's Joy

Saml Richardson

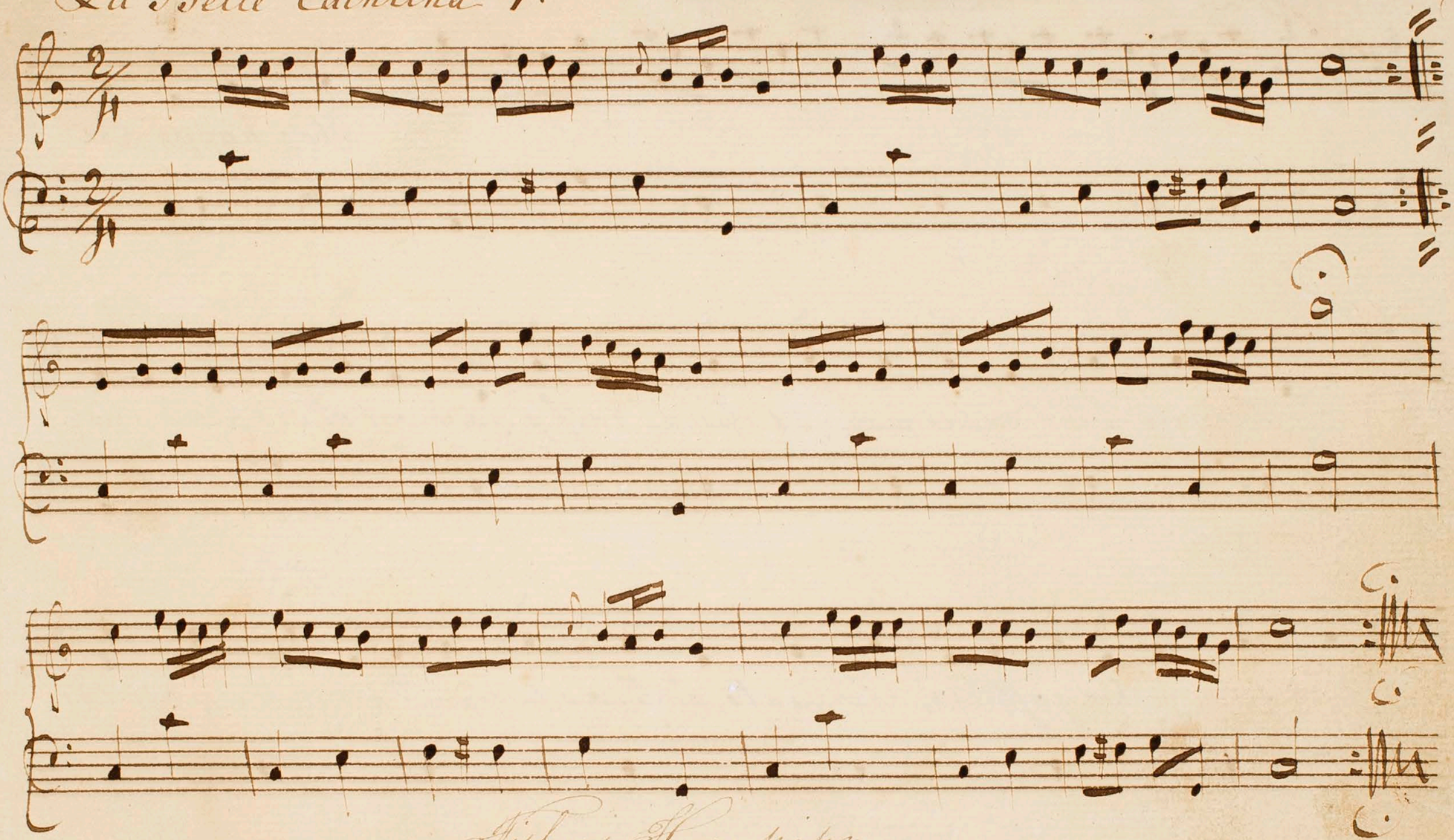
the Gift of his Freind D Bowen Esq.r

Jan.y 1804

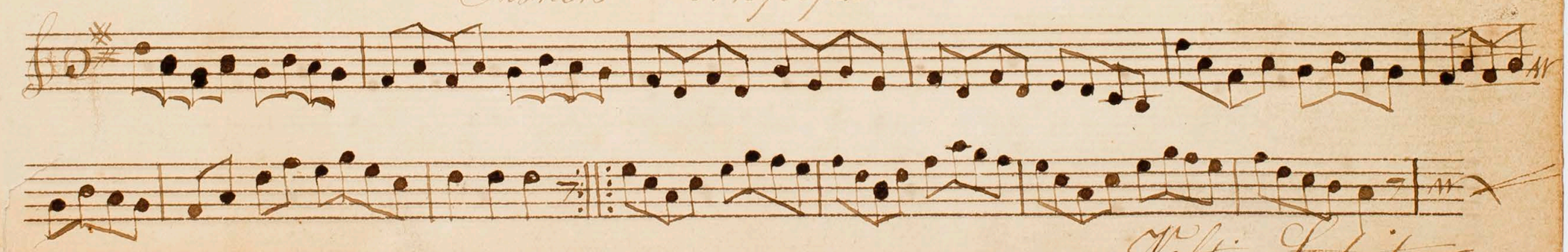




La Belle Cathrina 1.

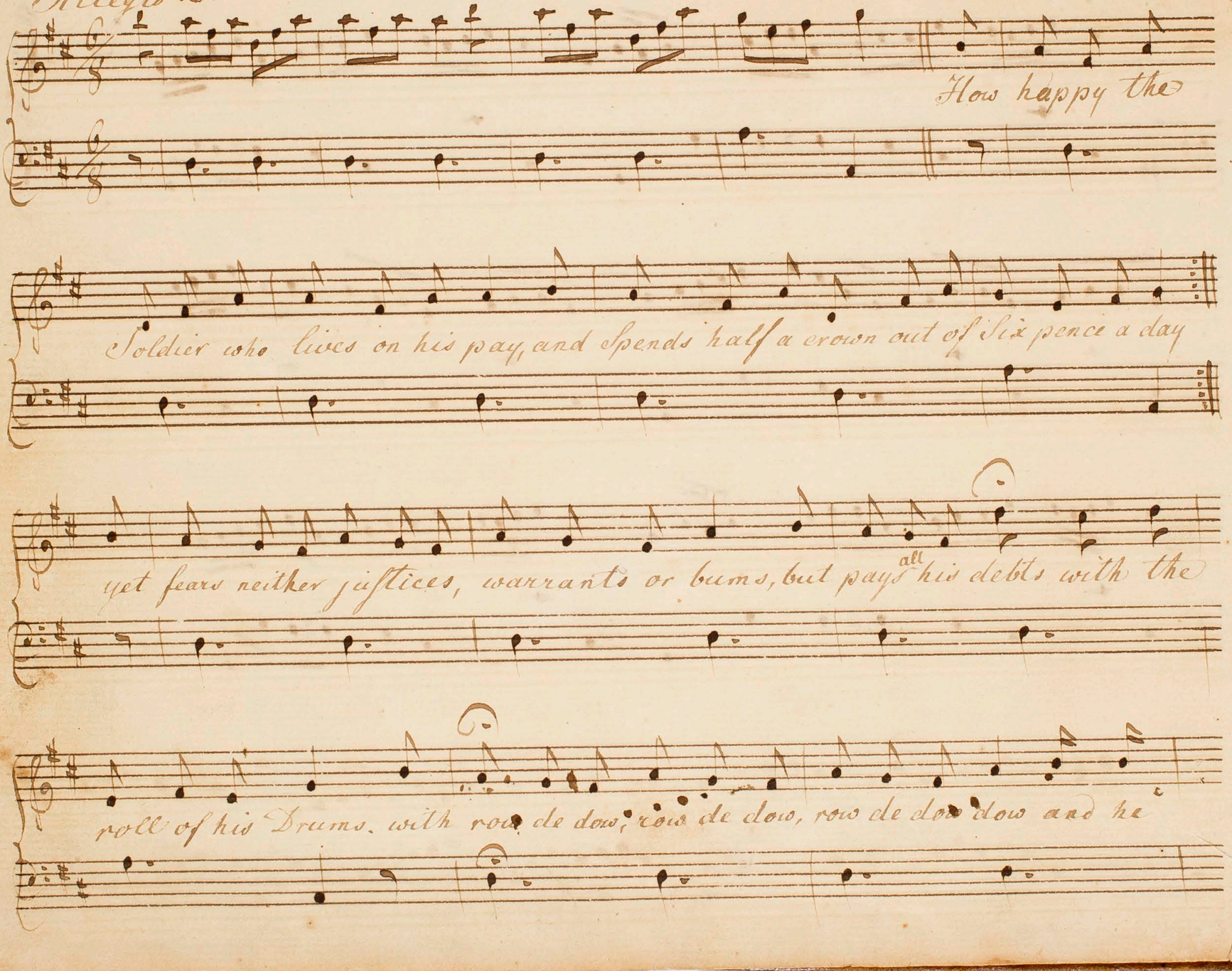


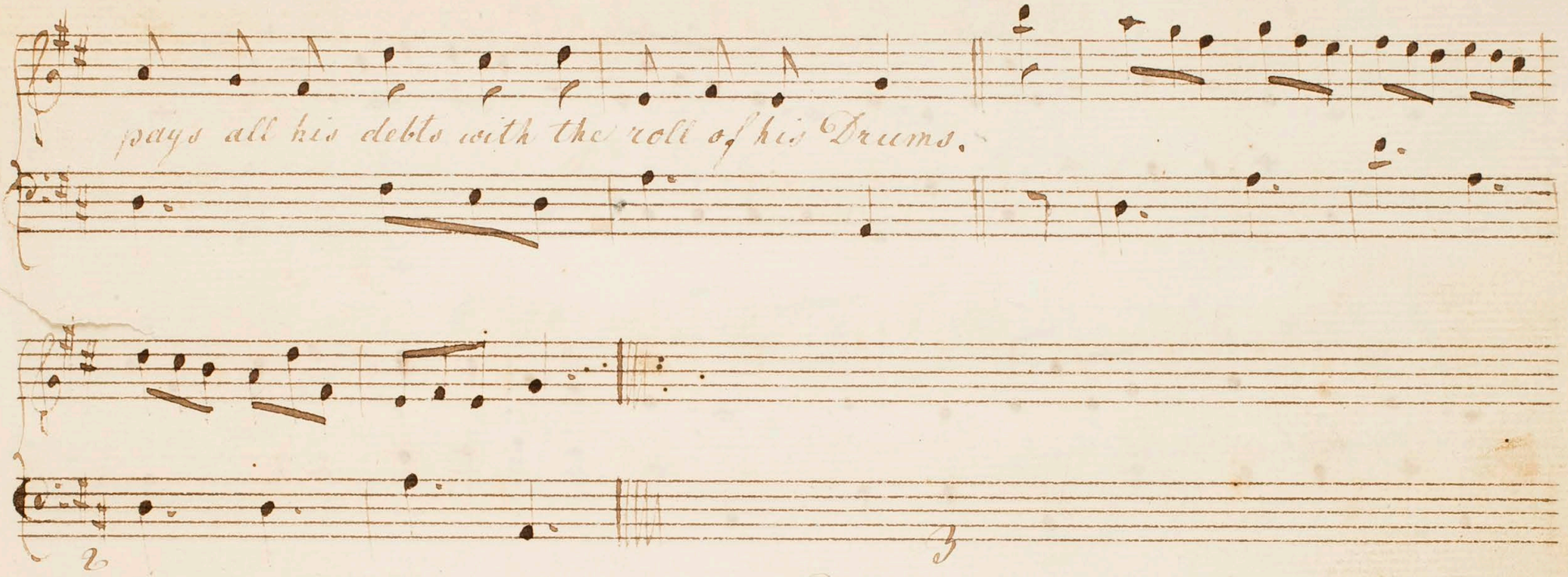
Fishers Hornpipe



Allegro 2.

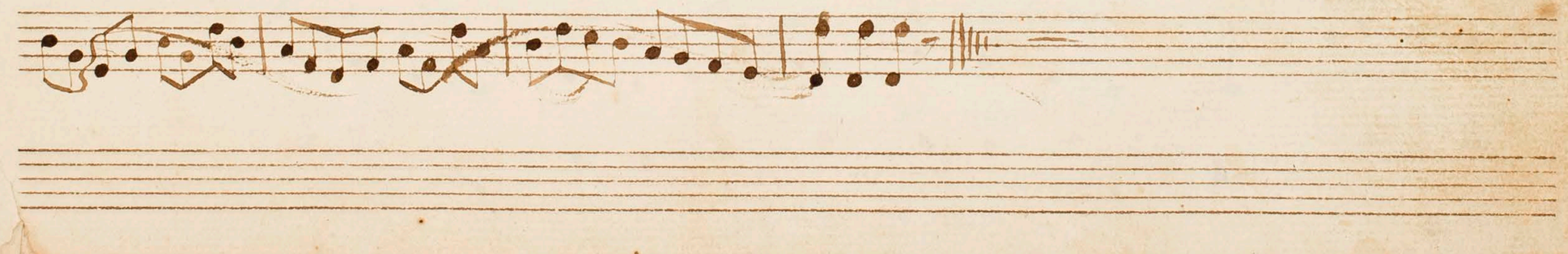
How Happy the Soldier



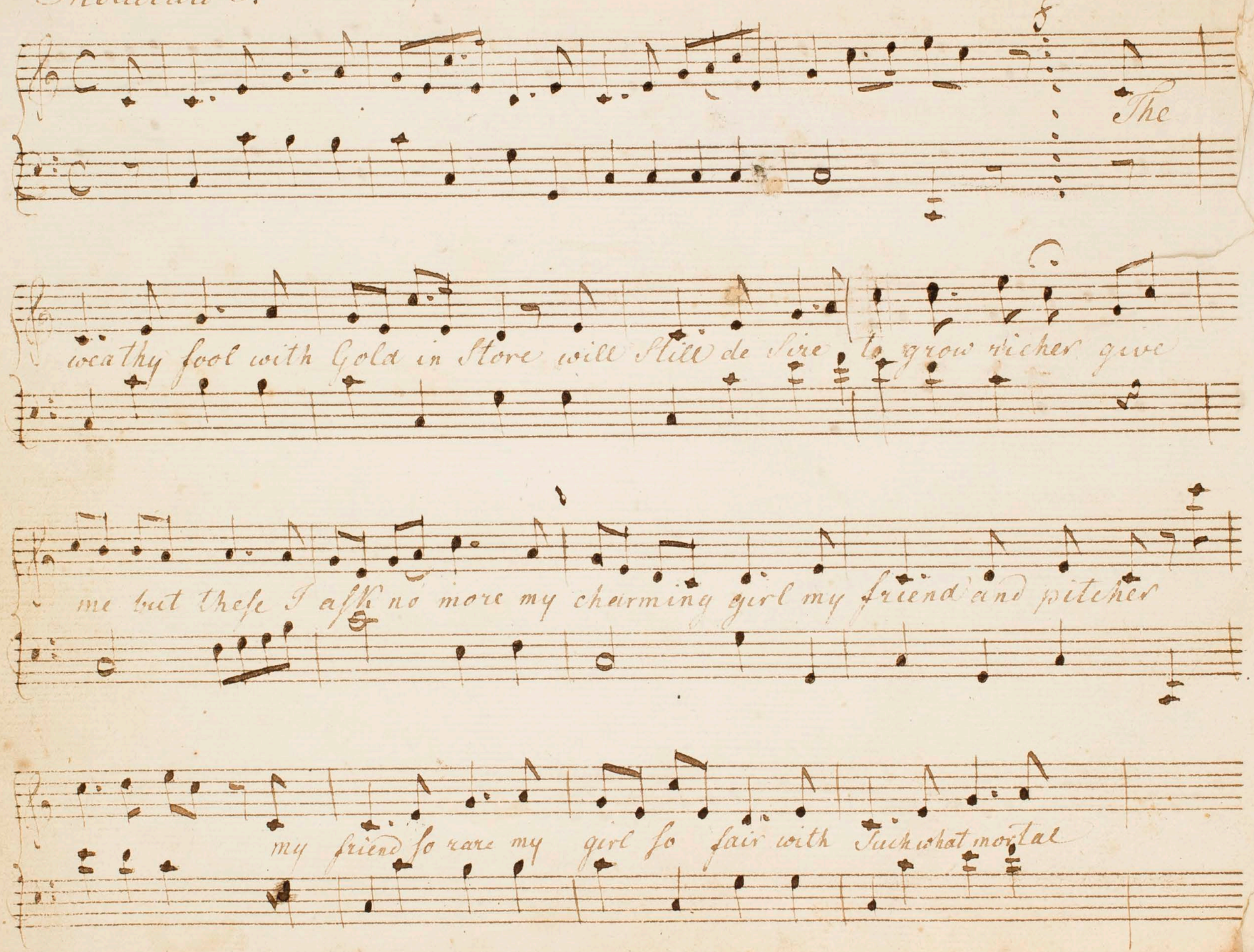


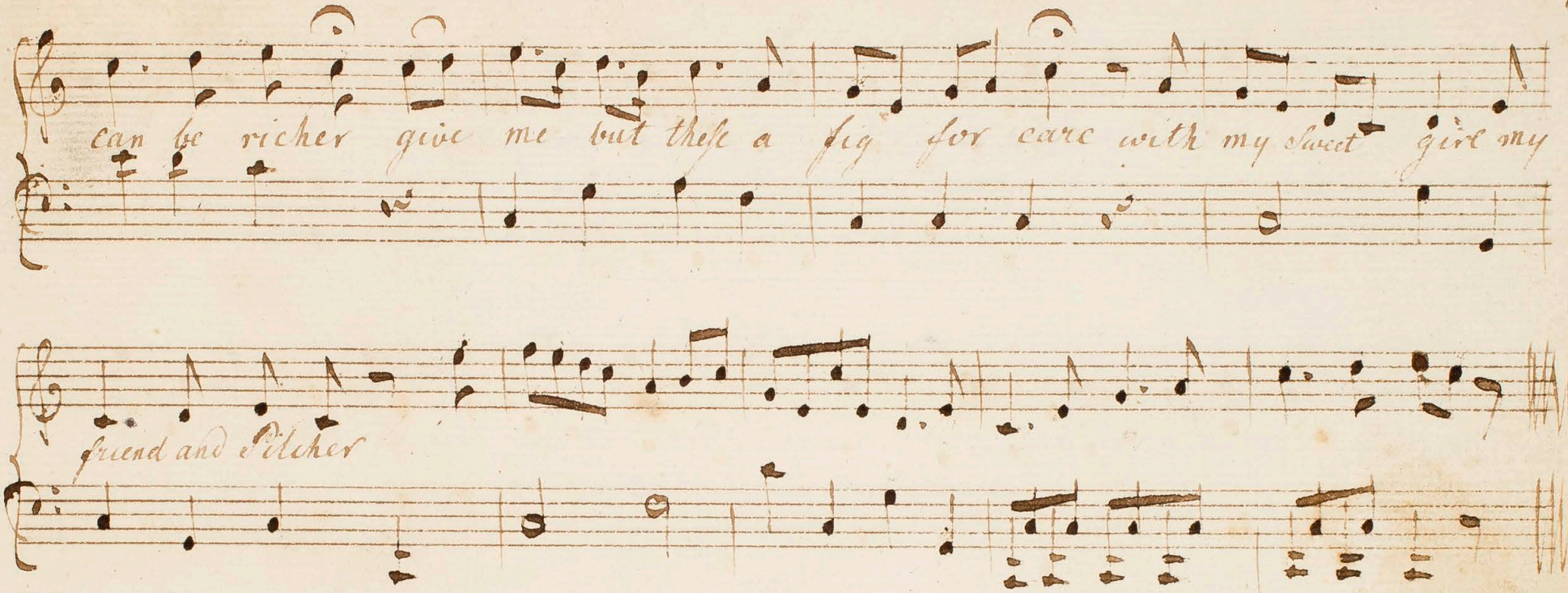
He cares not a marvedy how the World goes,
His King finds him Ladies, and Money and Clothes;
He laughs at all Sorrow, when ever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his Drums.
With a row de dow, &c.

The Drum is his glory, his joy and delight
It leads to plunder, as well as to fight,
No girl when she hears, tho' ever so glum,
But puts up her tatters, and follows the Drum.
With a row de dow, &c.



Moderato 3. My Friend and Pitcher

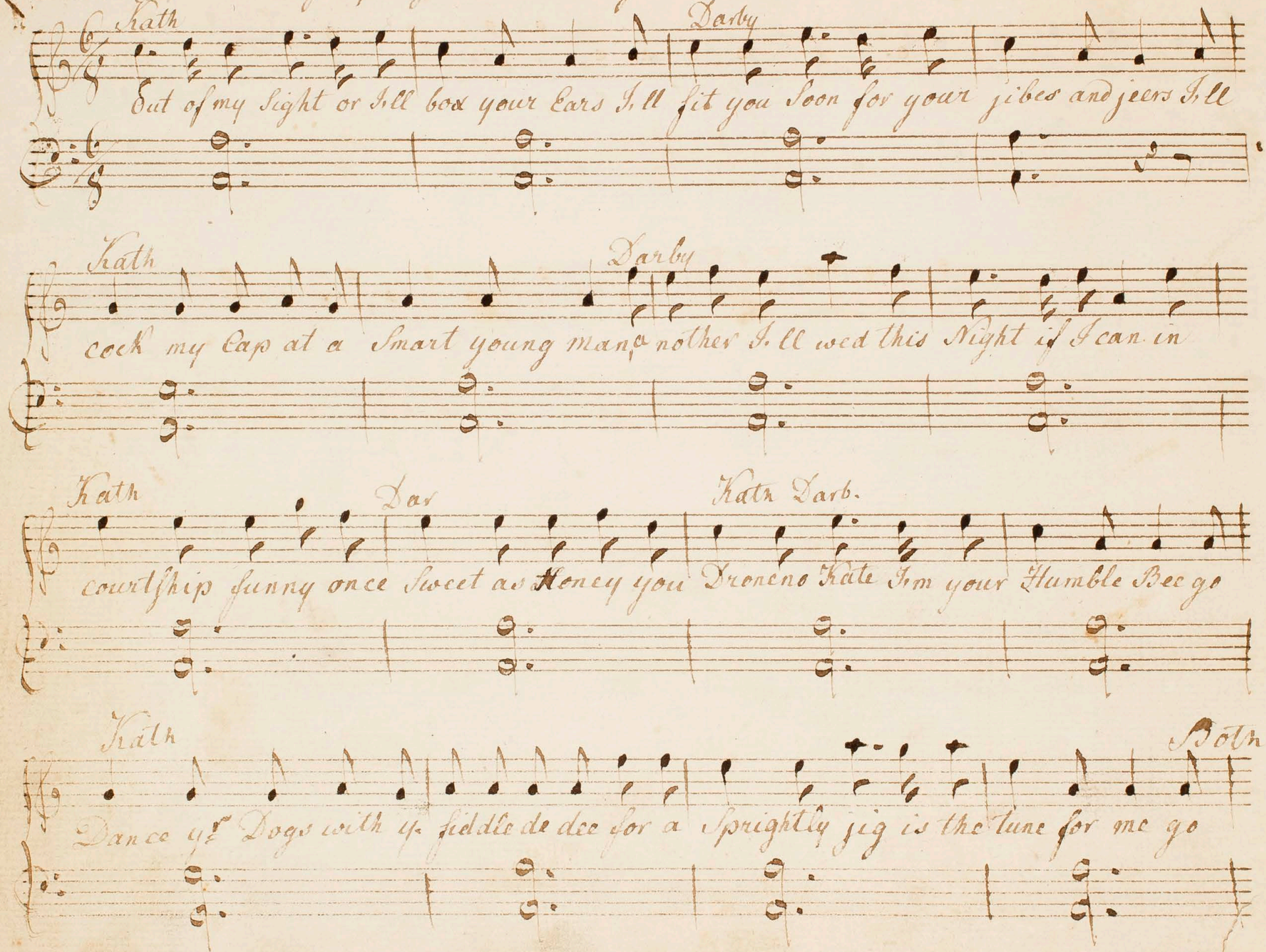


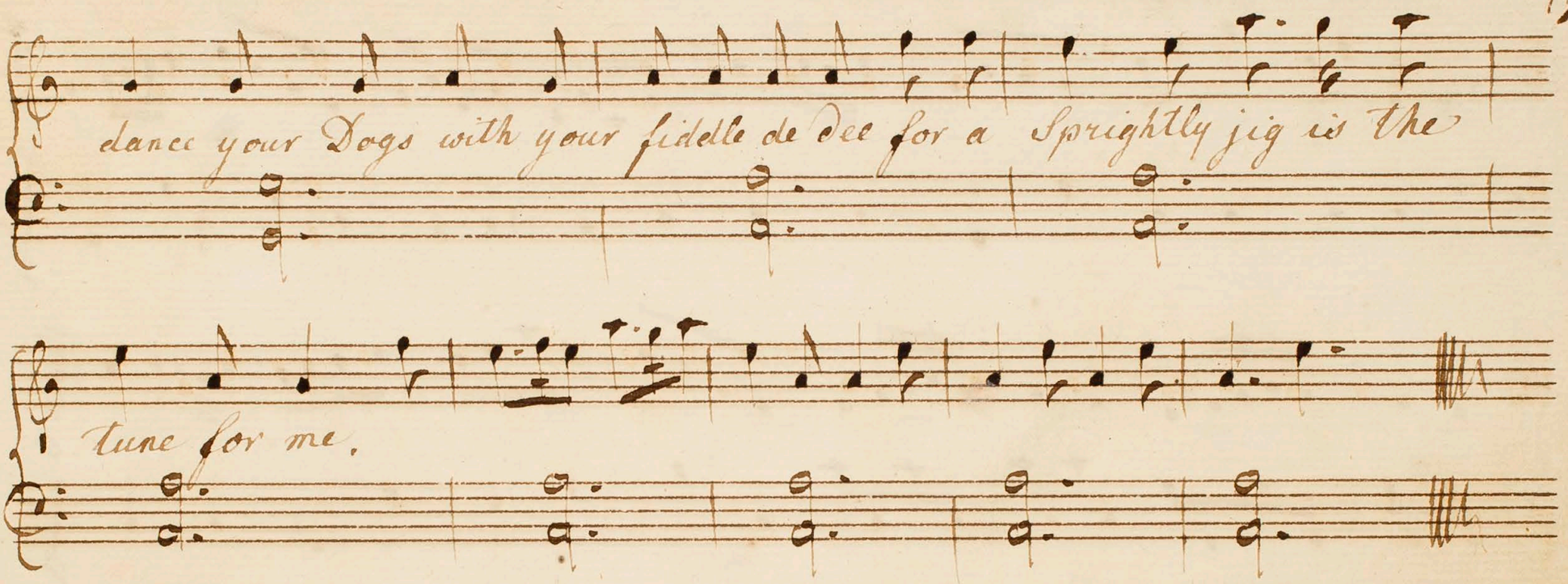


From morning Sun Id never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher
If that, when I come home at eve
I might enjoy my friend and Pitcher
My friend so rare &c.

The, fortune ever Shuns my door,
I have not what can be witch her,
With all my heart, can I be peer,
With my Sweet Girl, my friend and Pitcher
My friend so rare &c.

Duetto 4 Out of my Sight or ill box your Ears,





K: Like Sweet milk turnd, now to me seems Love,

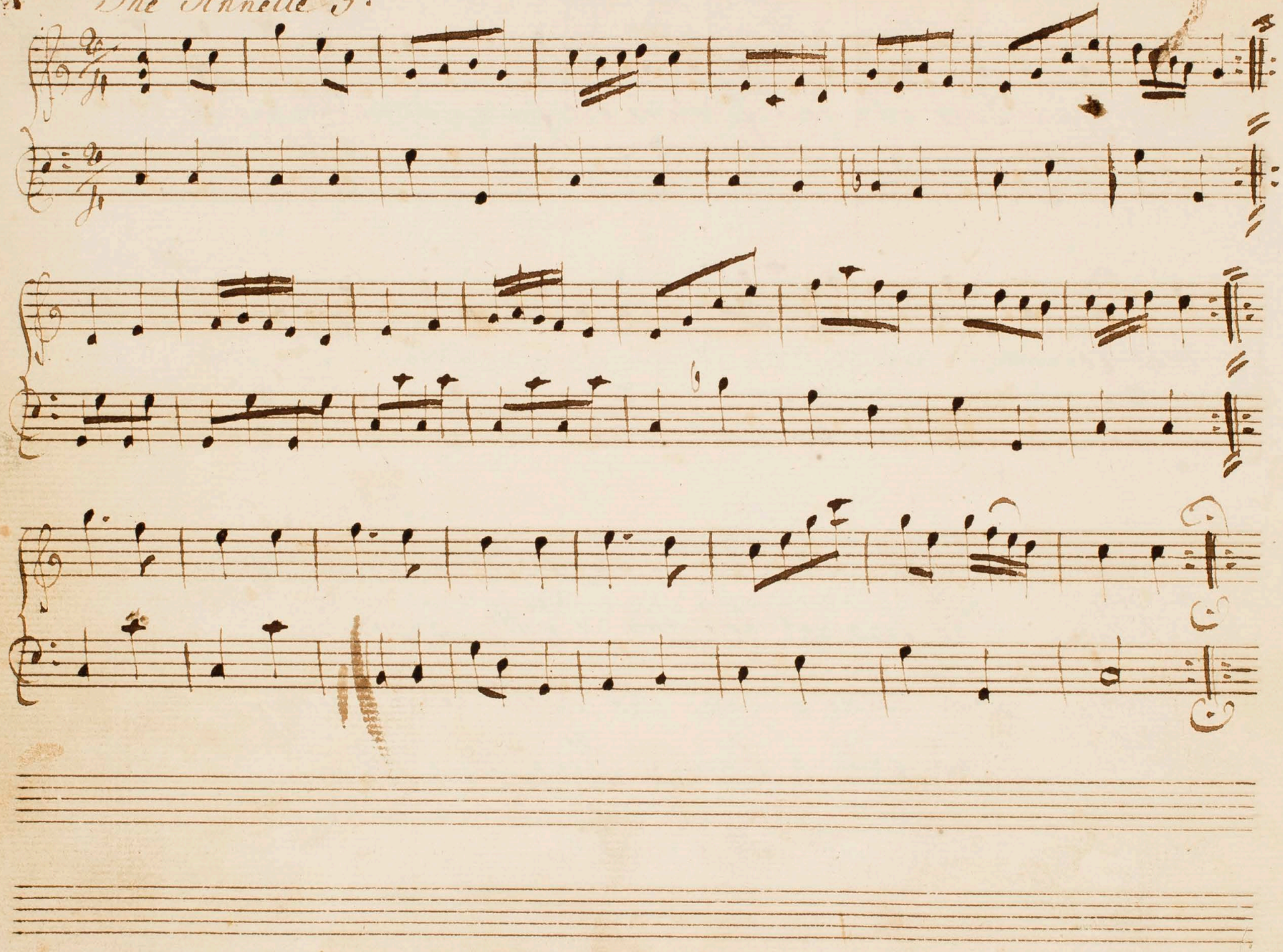
D. The fragrant Rose dose a nettle prove,

K: Sour curds I take, tho Sweet cream I chose.

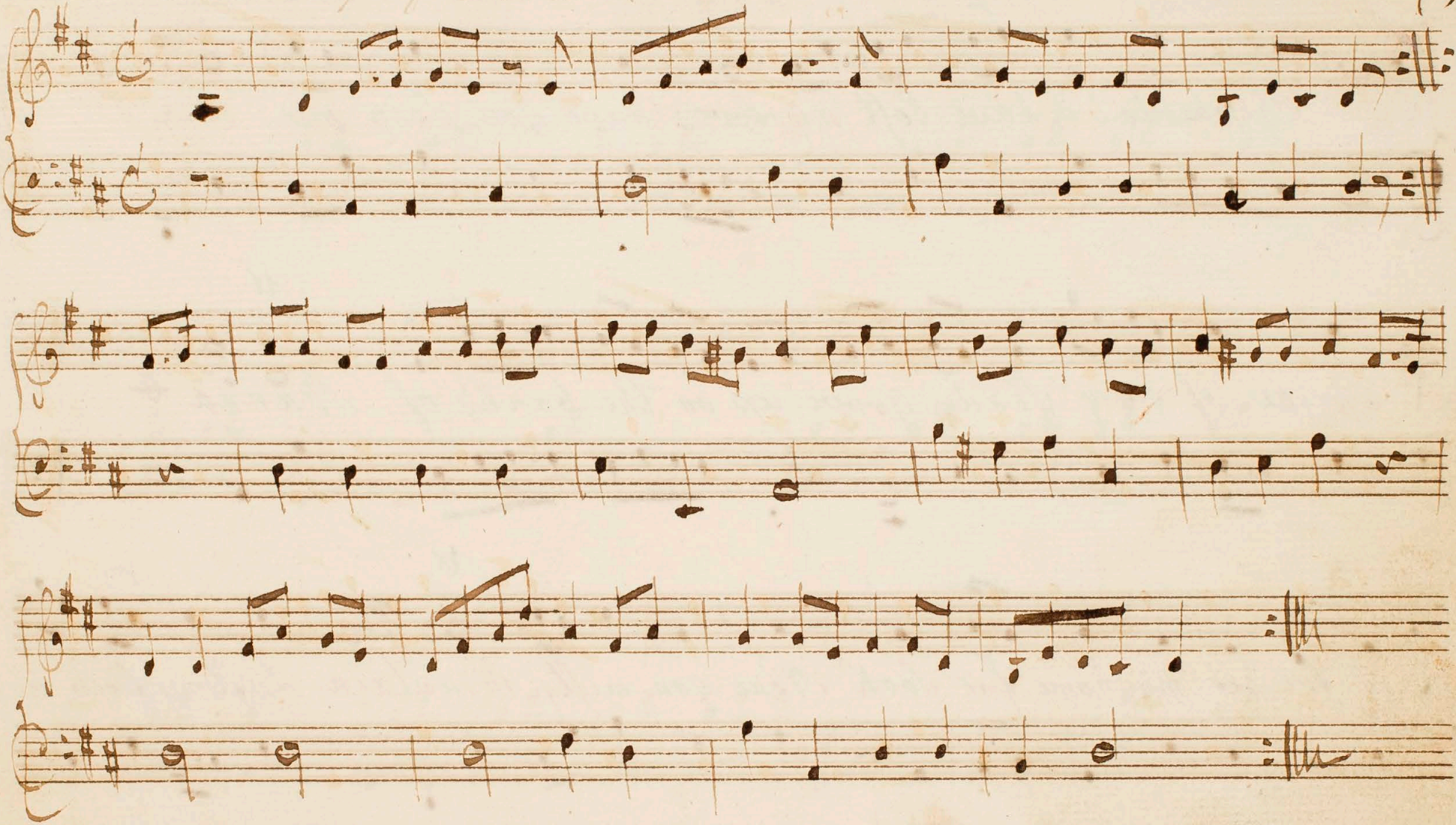
D. And with a flower, I sting my Nose.

In courtships &c.

The Annette 5.

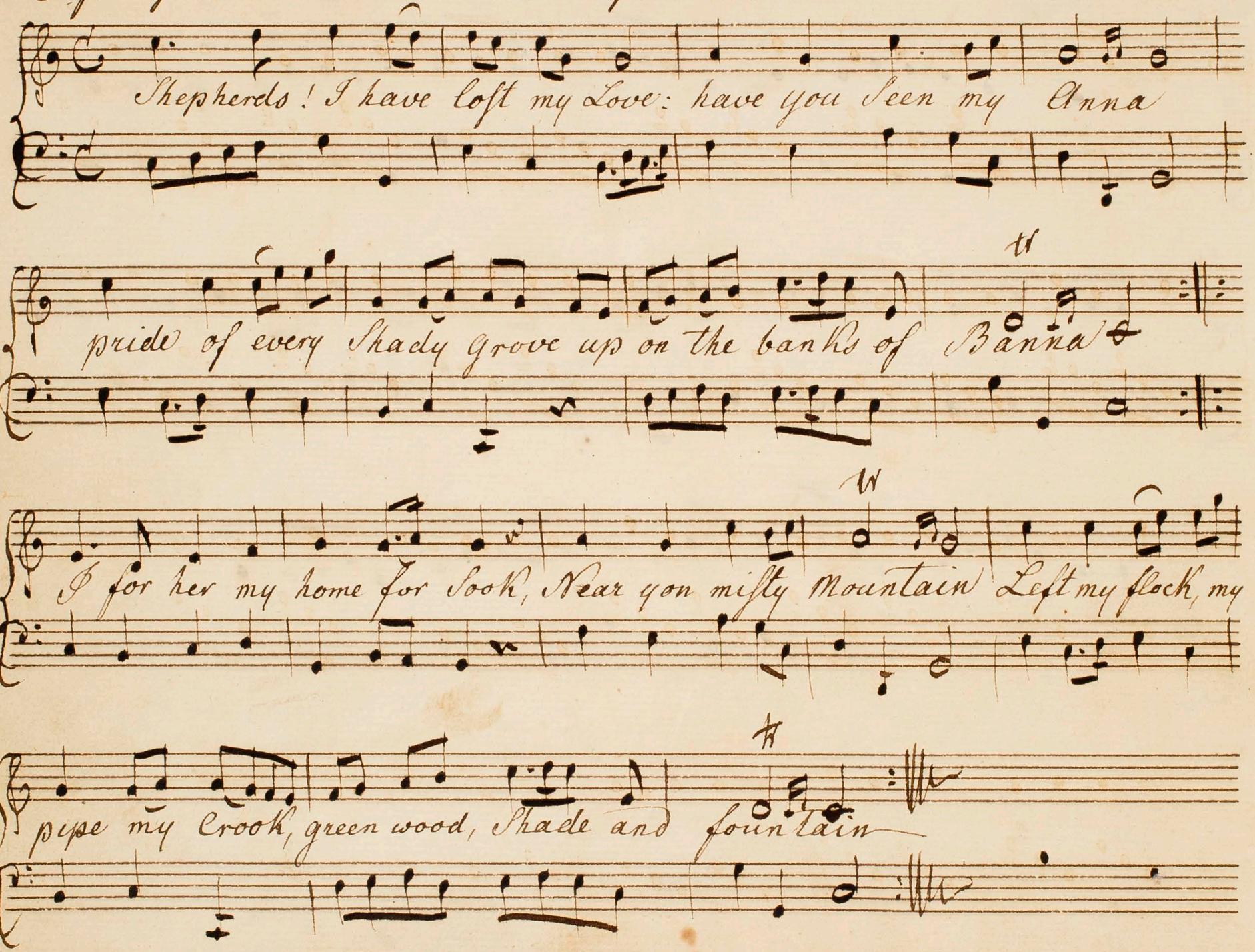


The Drop of Drumen

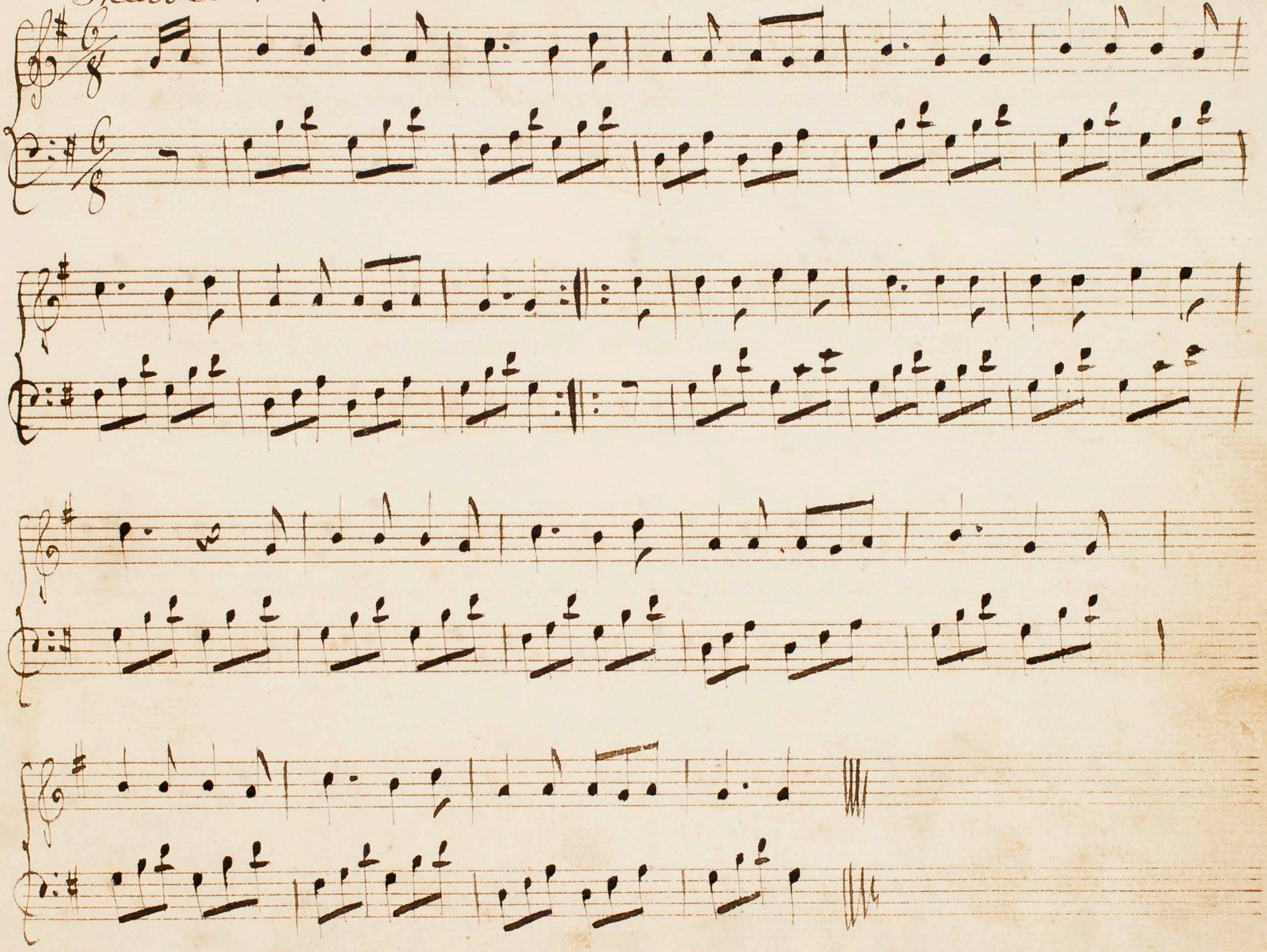


Affettuoso C

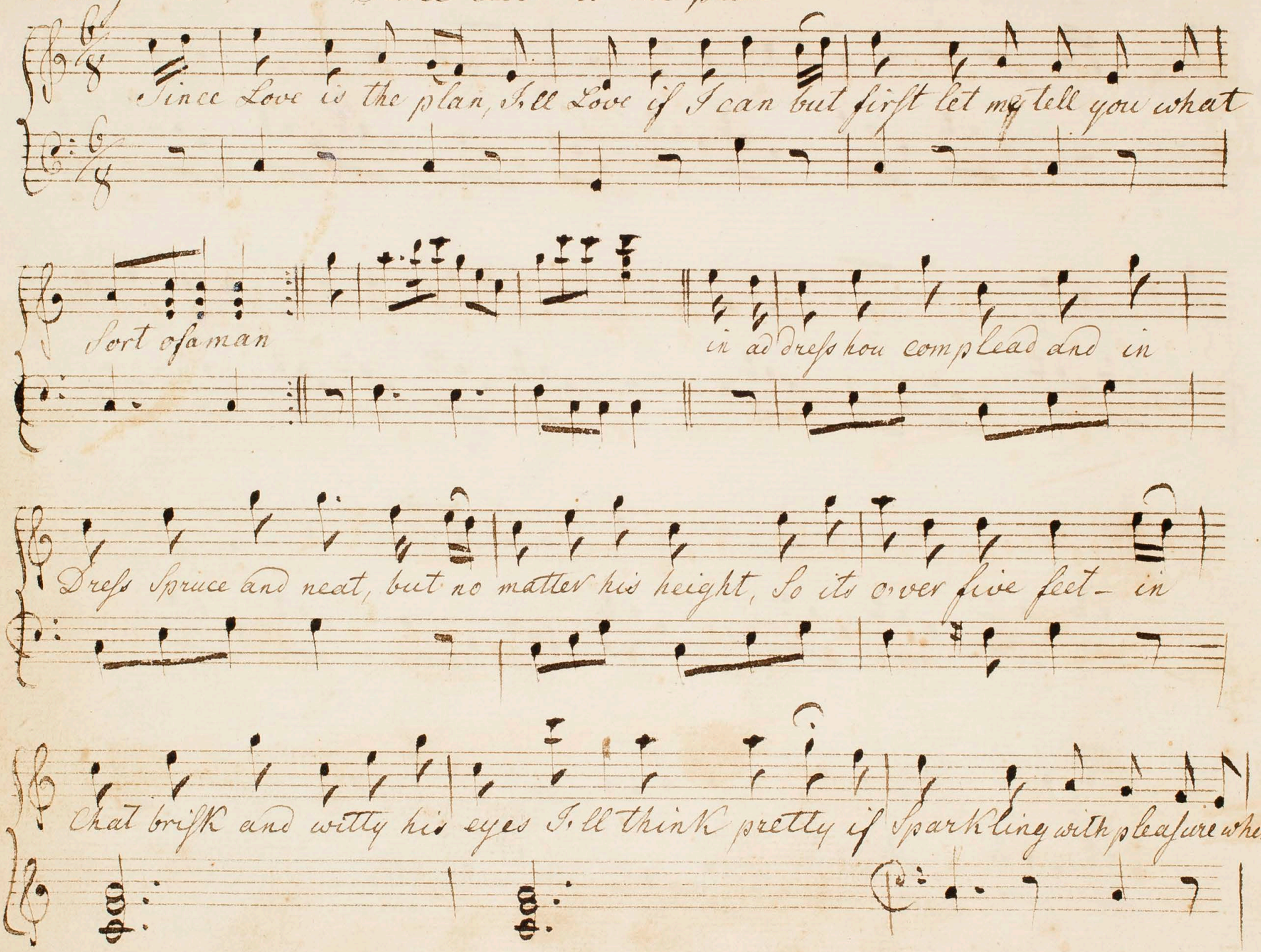
The Banks of Banna

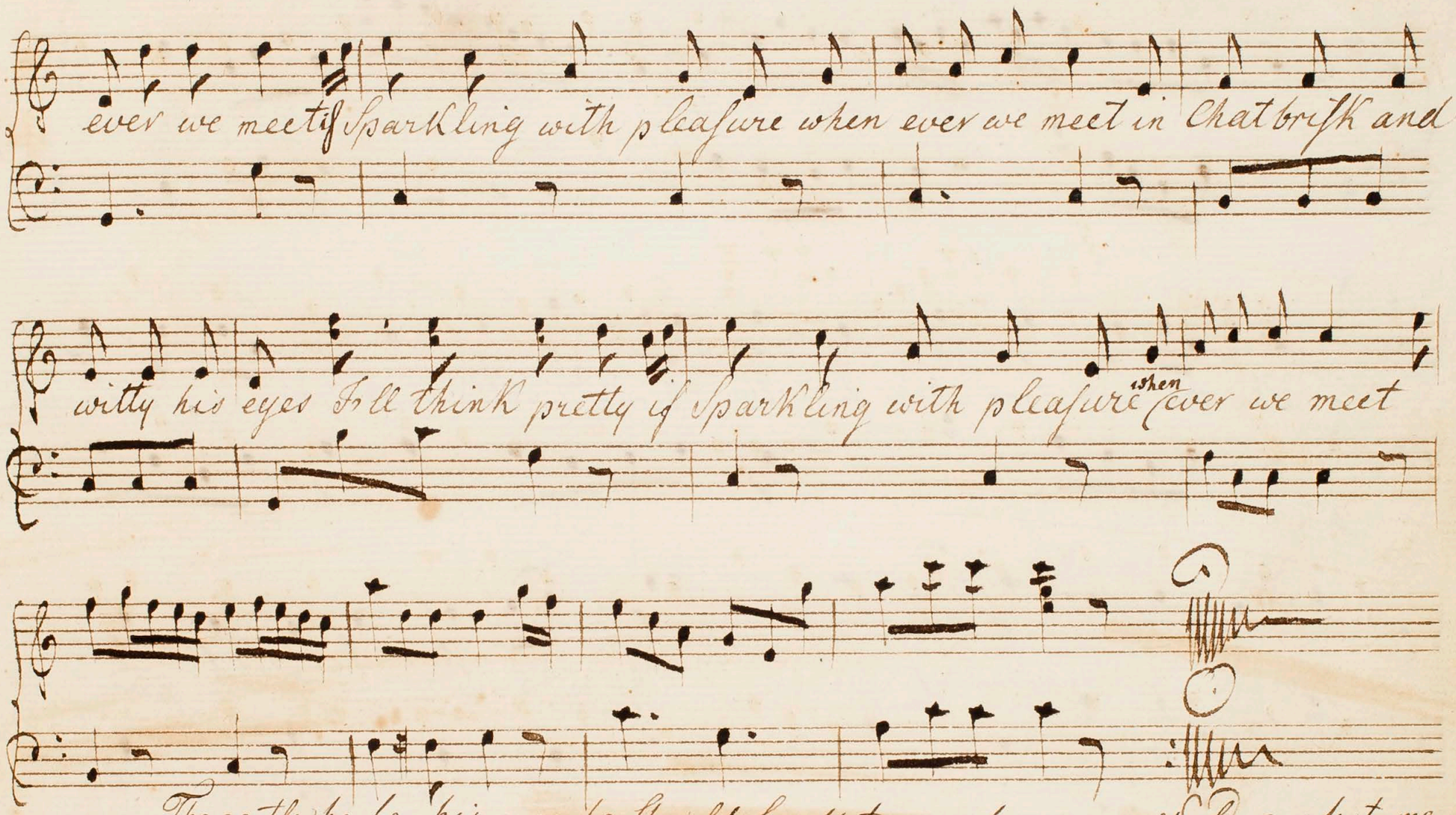


Malbrouck 7.

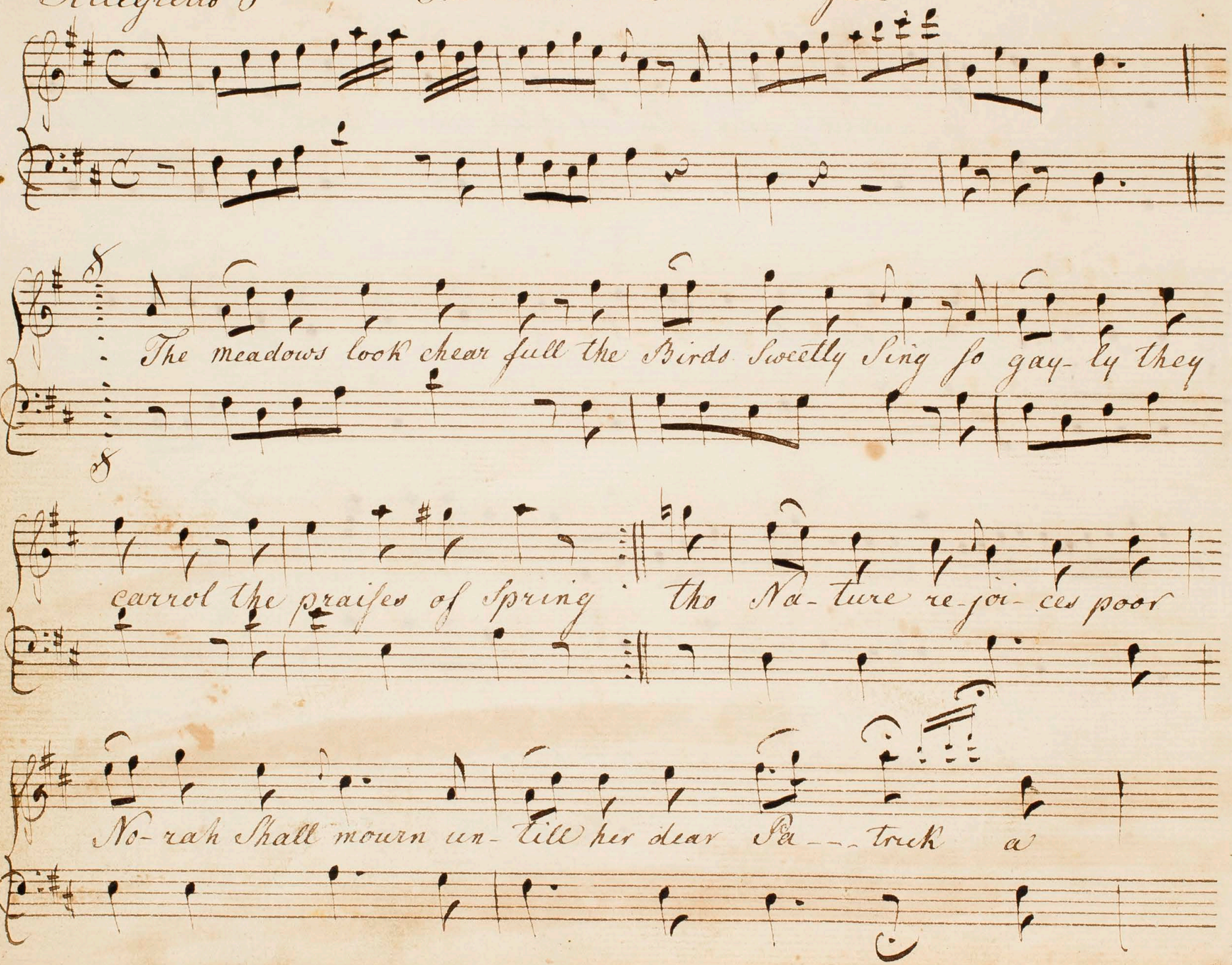


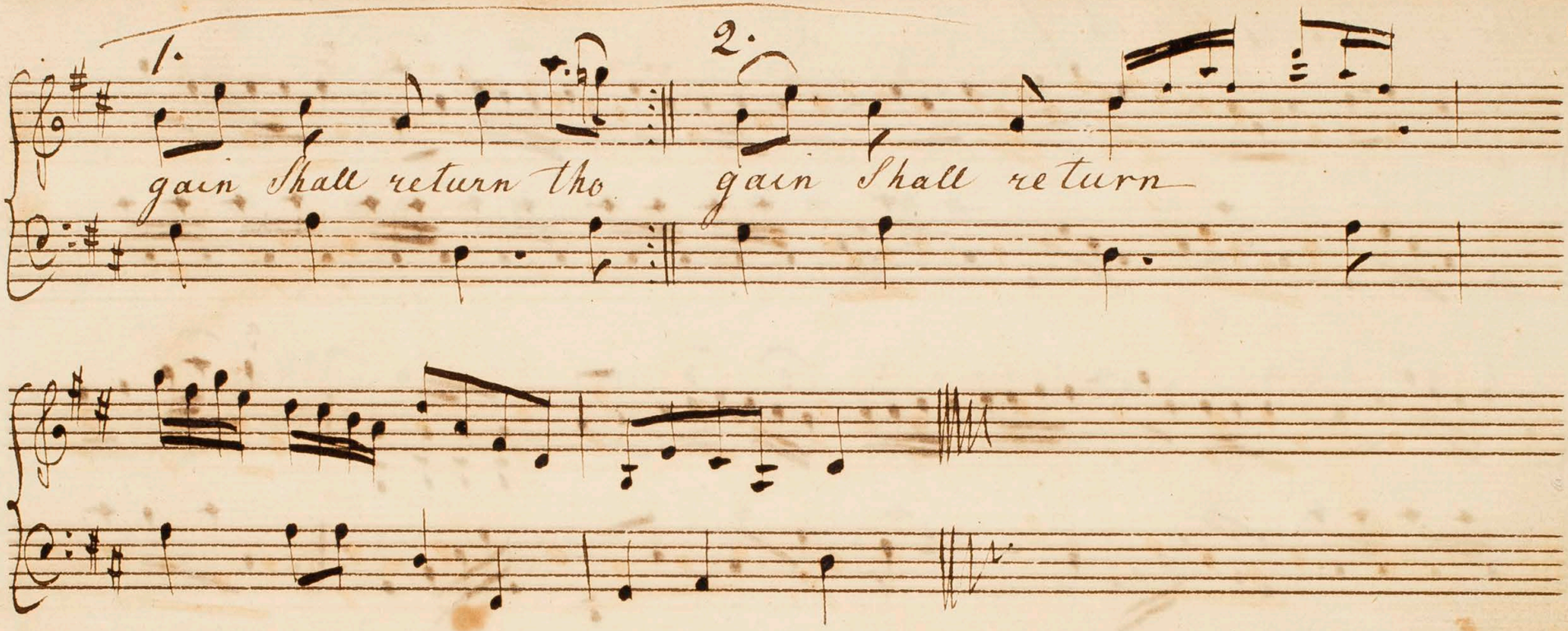
Allegretto 7. Since Love is the plan




ever we meet if Sparkling with pleasure when ever we meet in Chat brisk and
witty his eyes I'll think pretty if Sparkling with pleasure when ever we meet
The gentle he be, his man he Should See, Yet never be con-quer'd by any but me,
In a Song bear a bob, In a Glass a hob nob, Yet drink of his reason, his noddle neer rob,
This is my fancy If Such a man can See, I'm his, if her min, untill then, I am free.

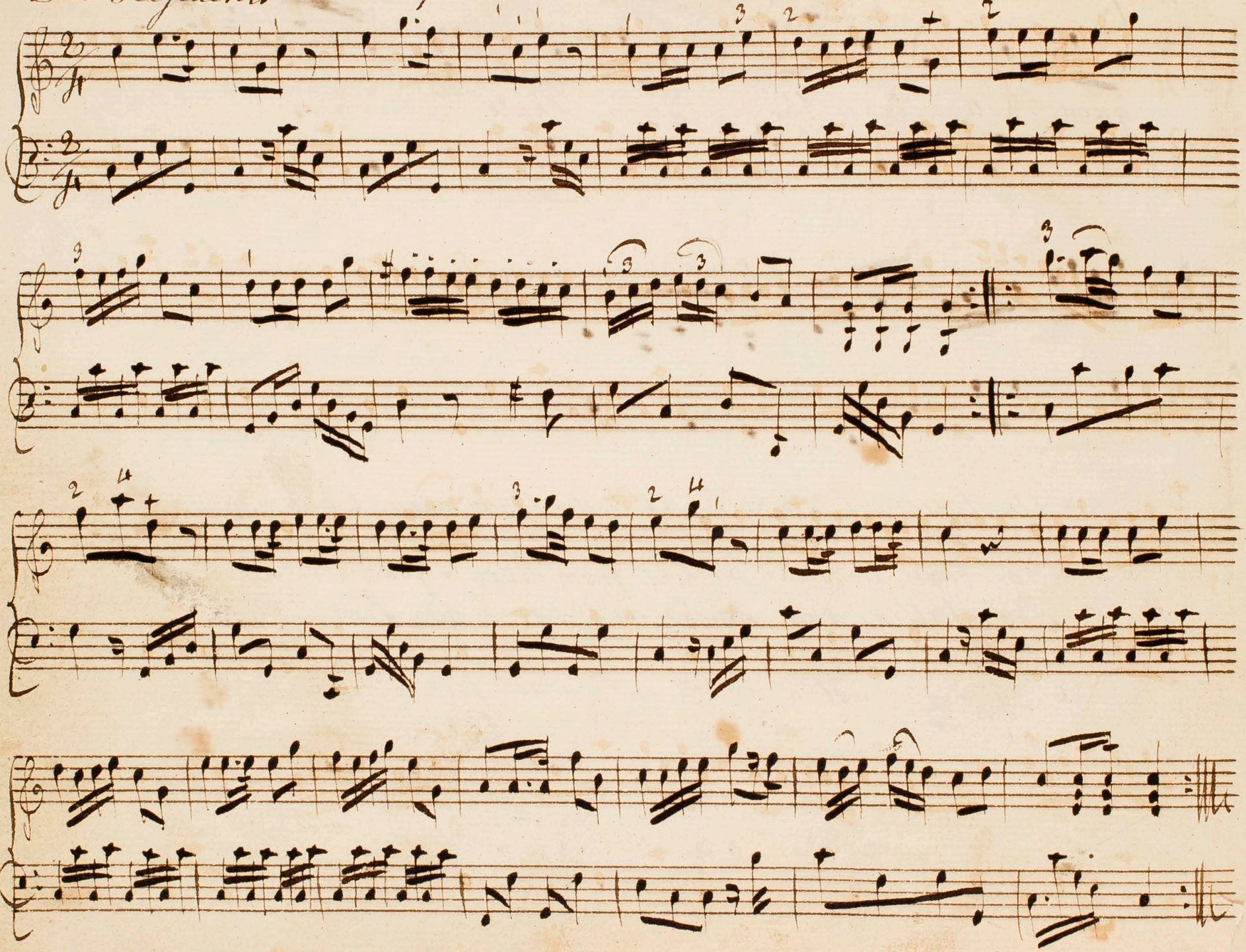
Allegretto 8. The Meadows look Chear full



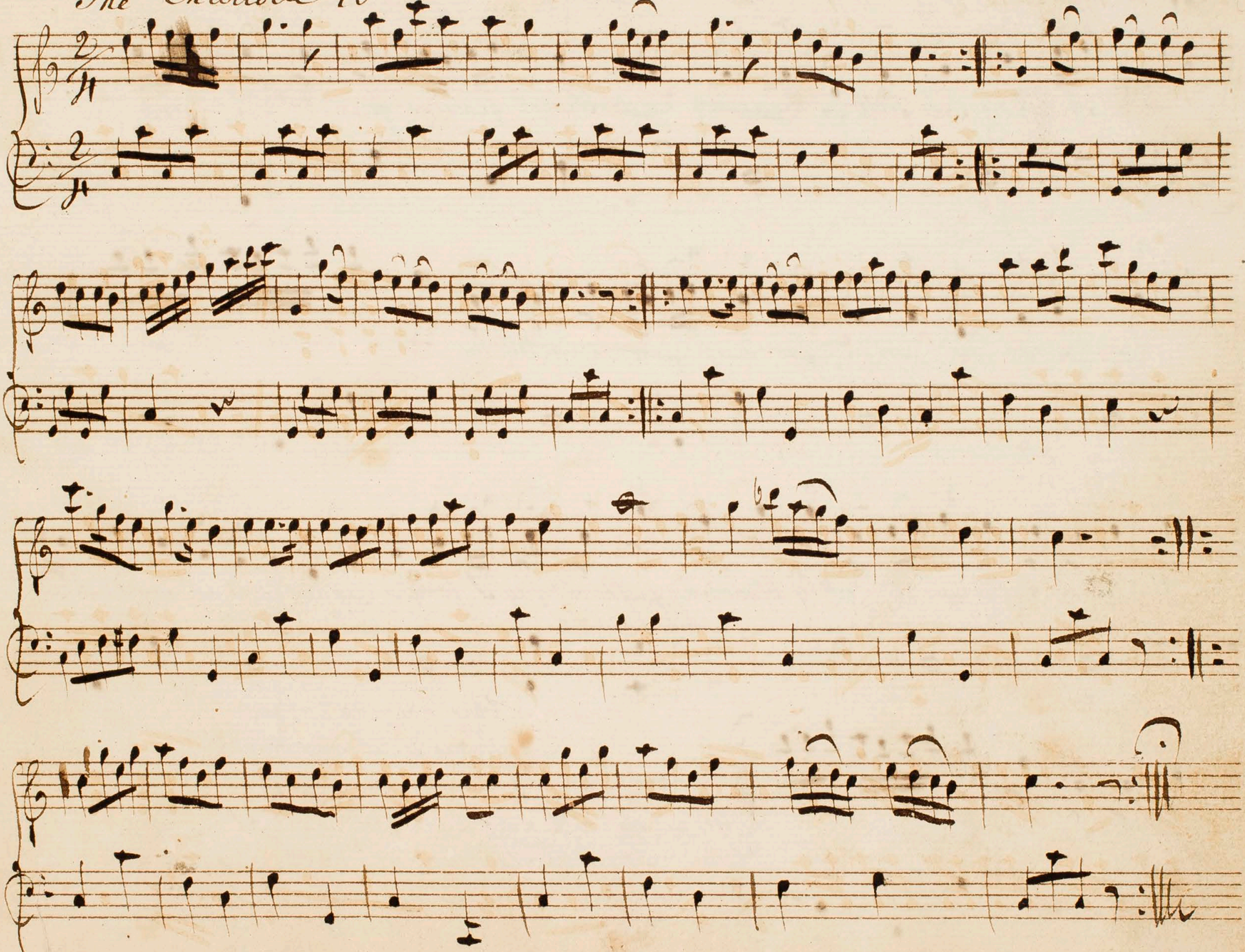


Ye lafses of Dublin, ah hide Your gay Charms,
Nor live her dear patrick from Norahs fond arms,
Tho Sattins and ribbons and laces are fine
They Hide not a heart with Such feeling as mine

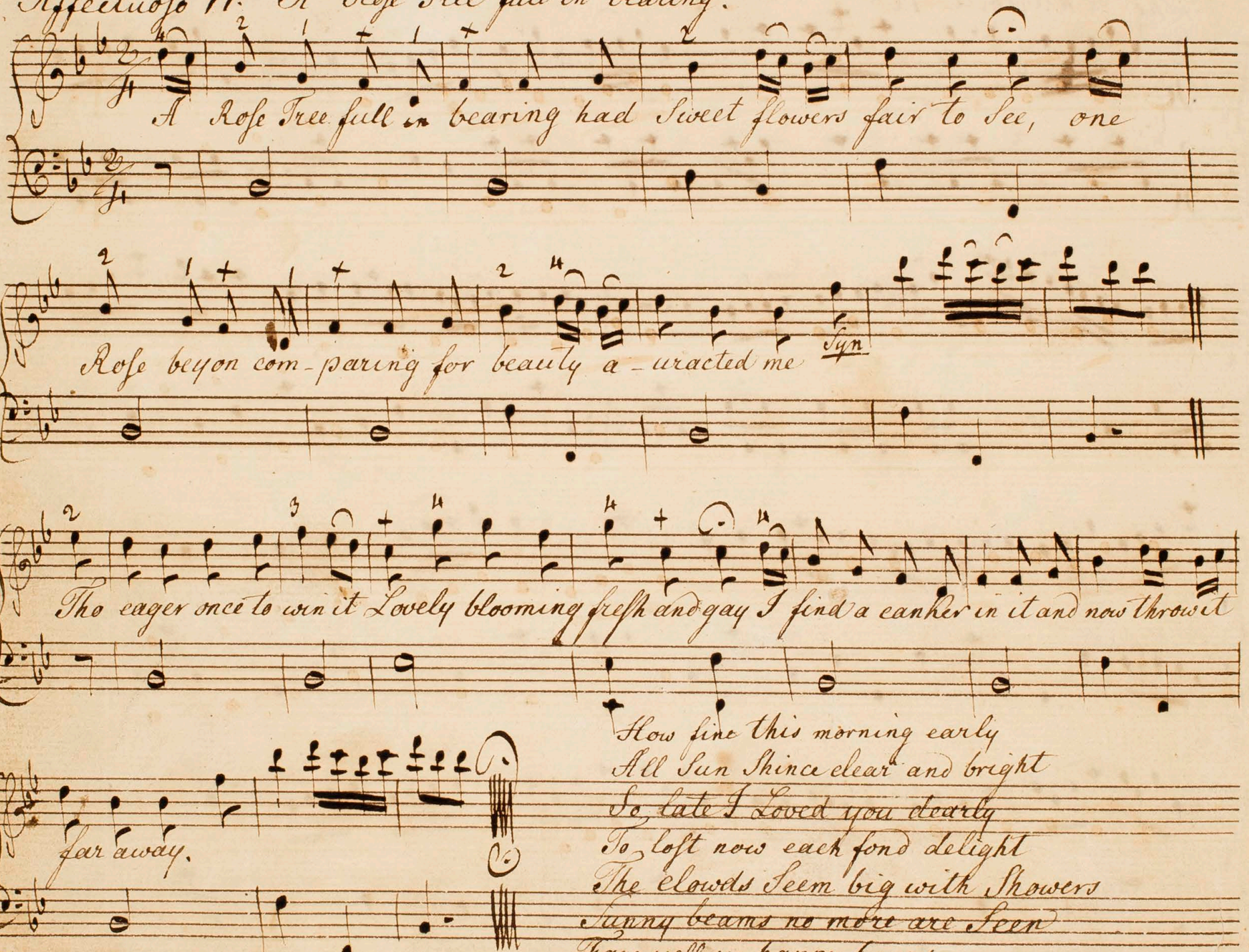
The Presidents March 9.



The Charlotte 10.

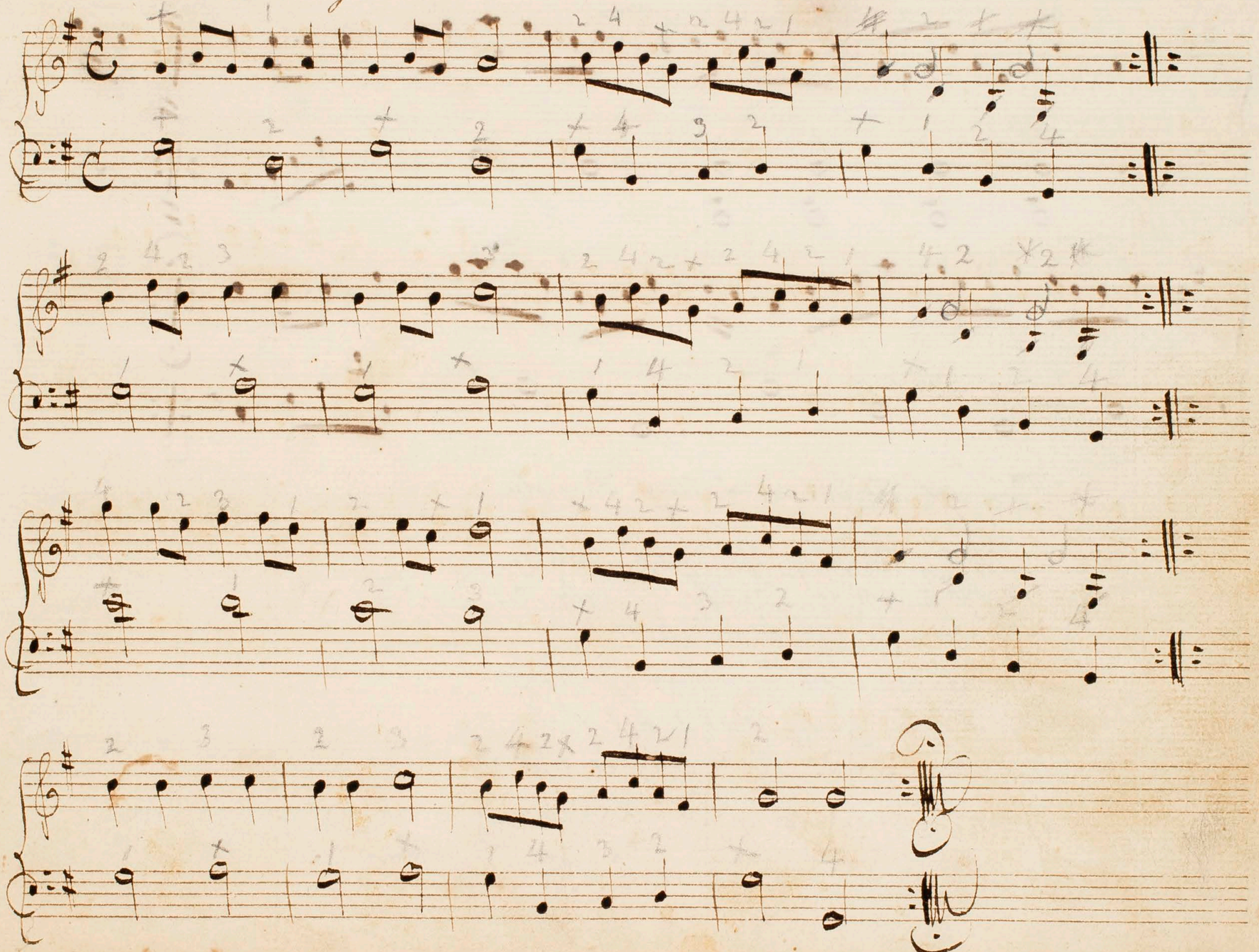


Affectuoso 11. A Rose Tree full in bearing.

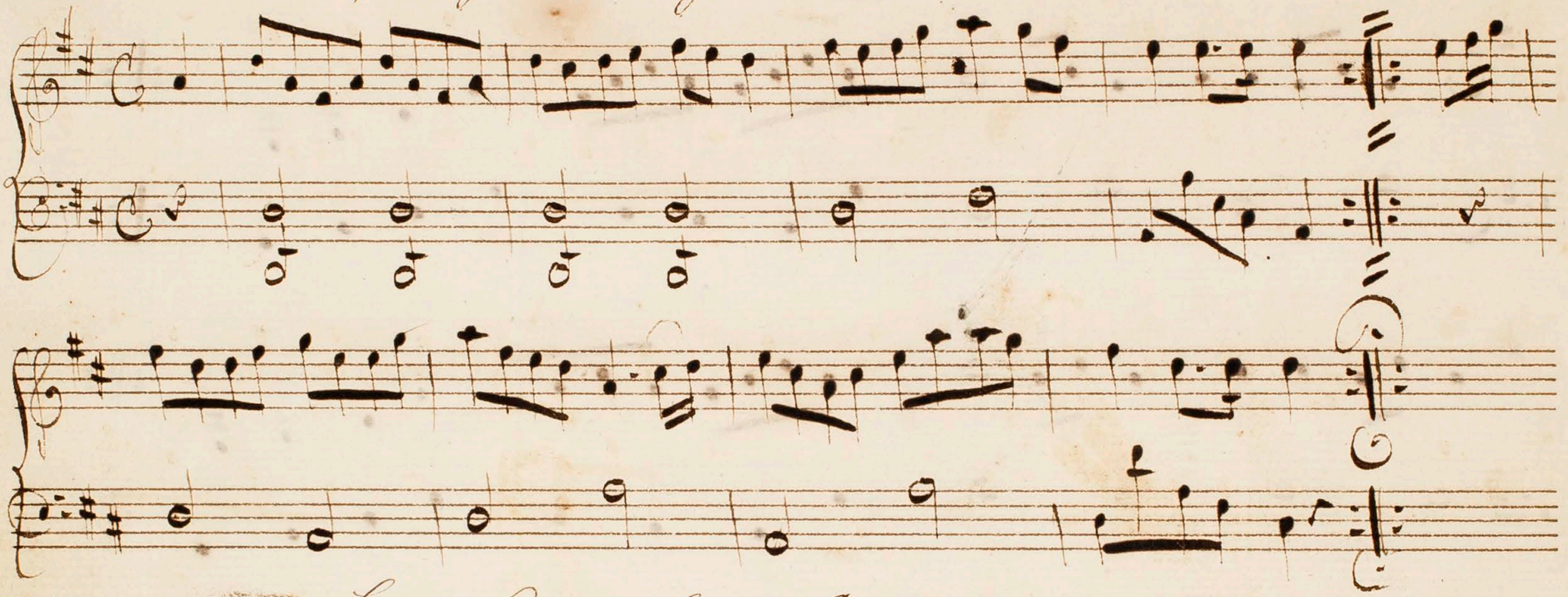


How fine this morning early
All Sun Shine clear and bright
So late I Loved you dearly
To loft now each fond delight
The Clouds Seem big with Showers
Sunny beams no more are Seen
Fare well ye happy hours
your falsehood has chang'd the Scene.

Allemande Suisse 12.

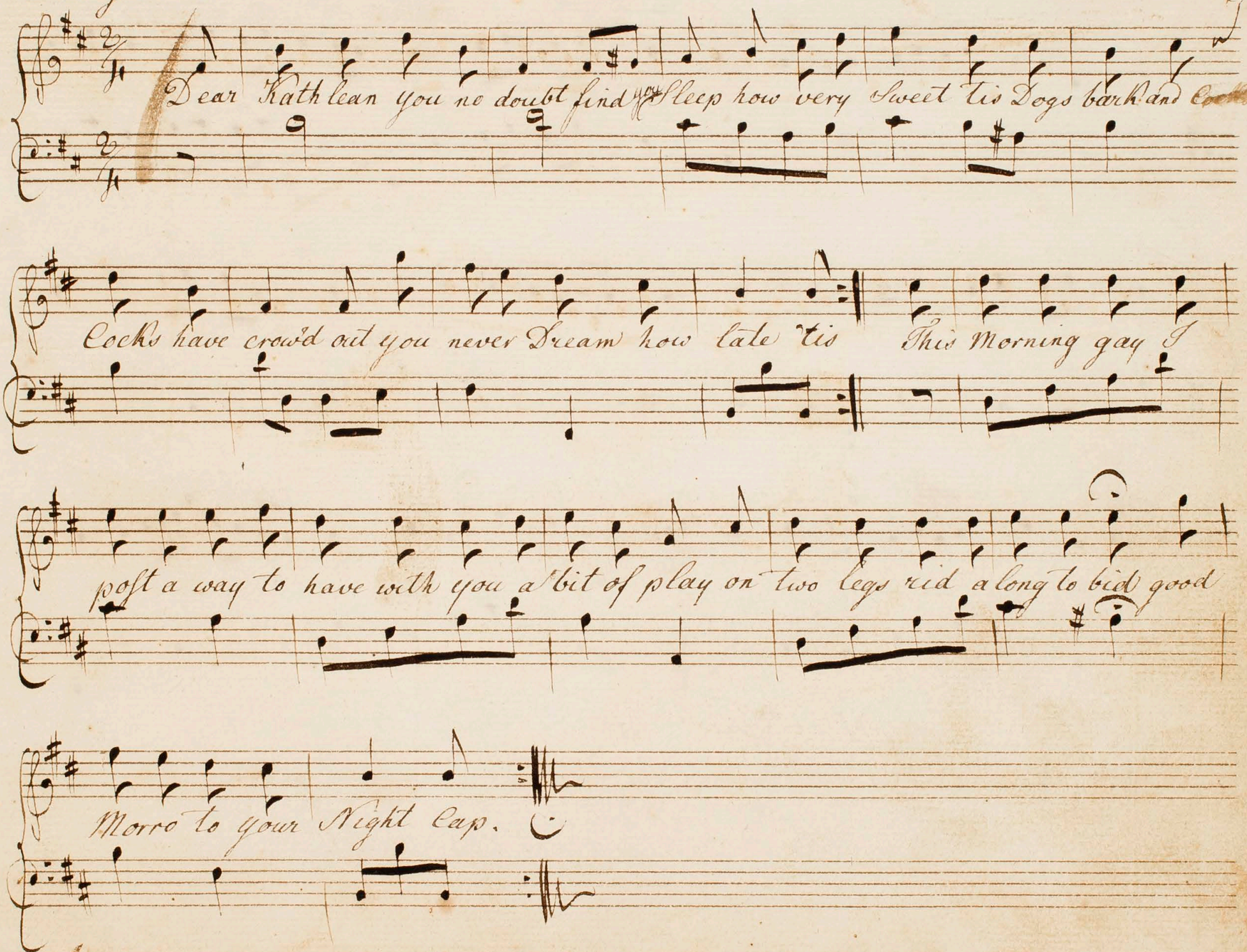


March 13 My Dog and my Gun.

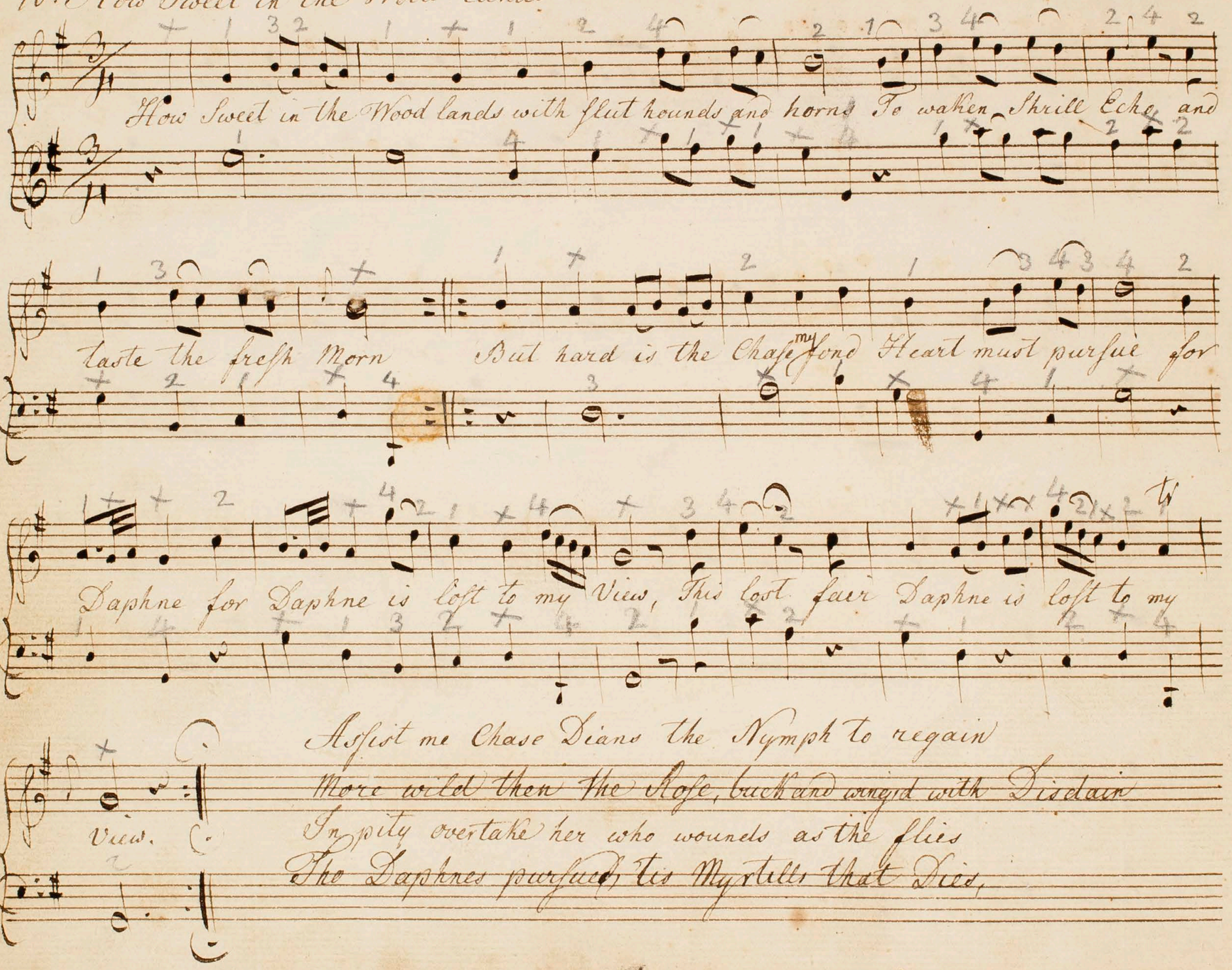


Last Night a Little Browsy
Whit Whiskey Ale and Cyder,
I ask'd young Betsy Blousy
To let me sit beside her.
Her Anger Rose, and Sour as Sloes,
The Little Gypsy Cock'd her Nose,
Yet here I've rid a long to bid
Good morrow to your Night Cap.

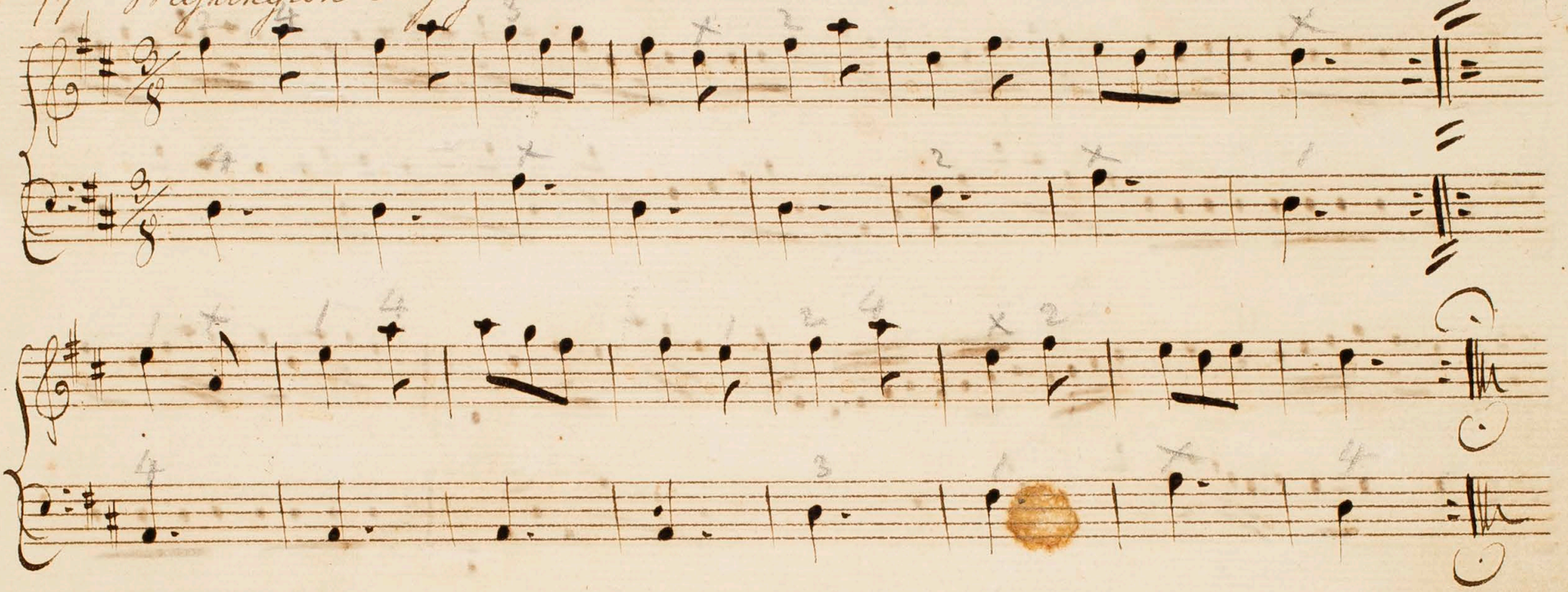
Allegro 15

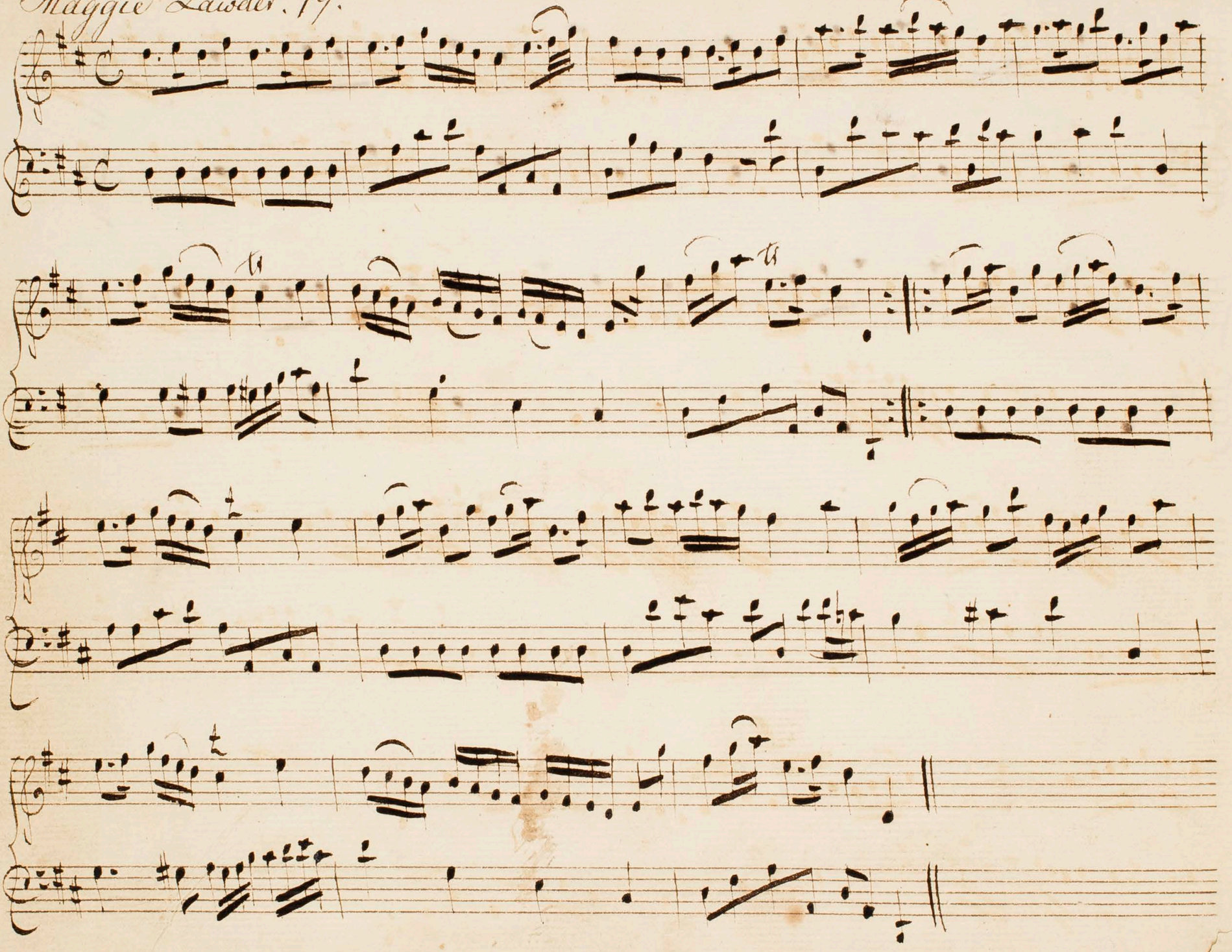

Dear Kathlean you no doubt find Sleep how very Sweet tis Dogs bark and
Cocks have crow'd out you never Dream how late 'tis This Morning gay I
post a way to have with you a bit of play on two legs rid a long to bid good
Morro to your Night Cap.

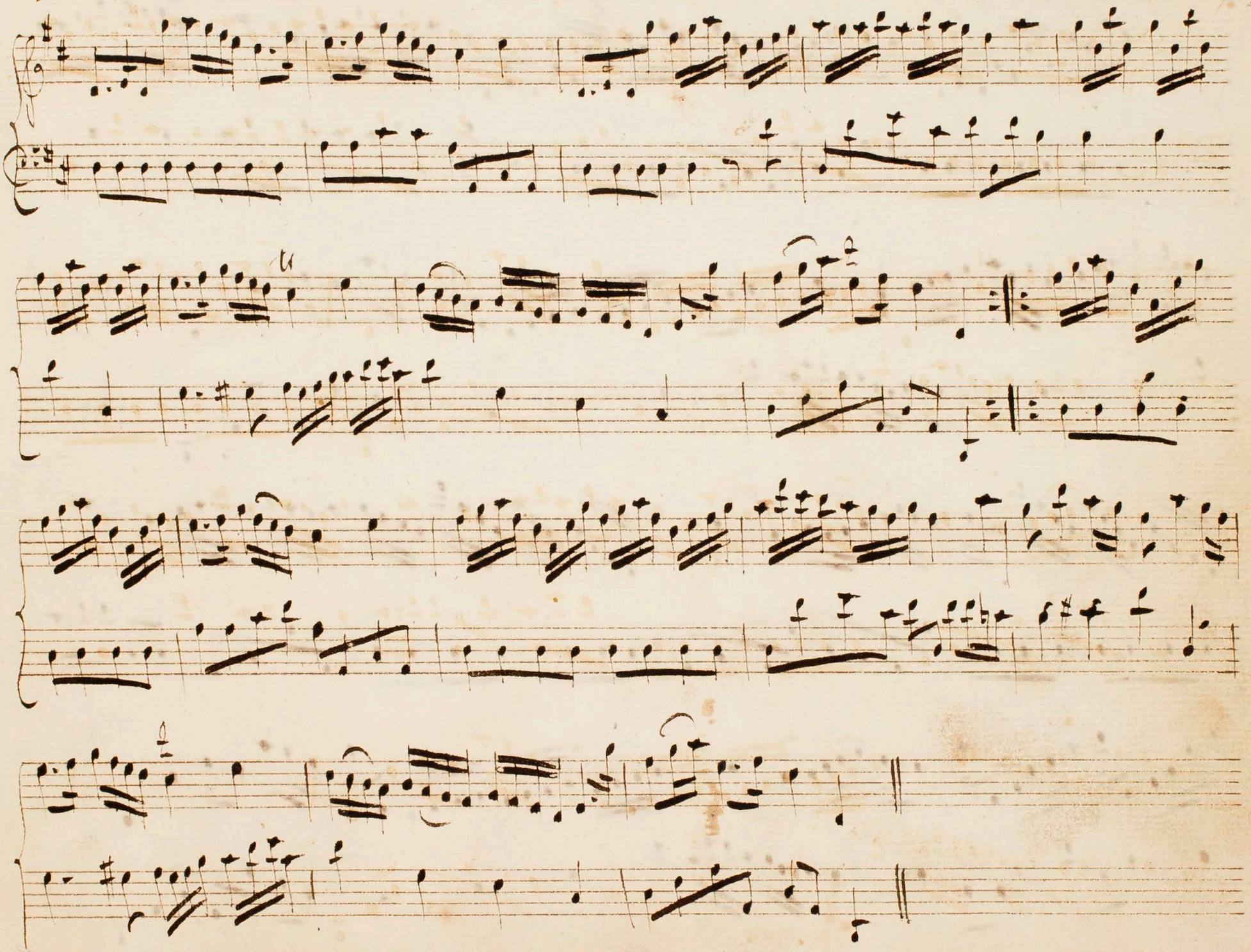
16. How Sweet in the Wood-lands



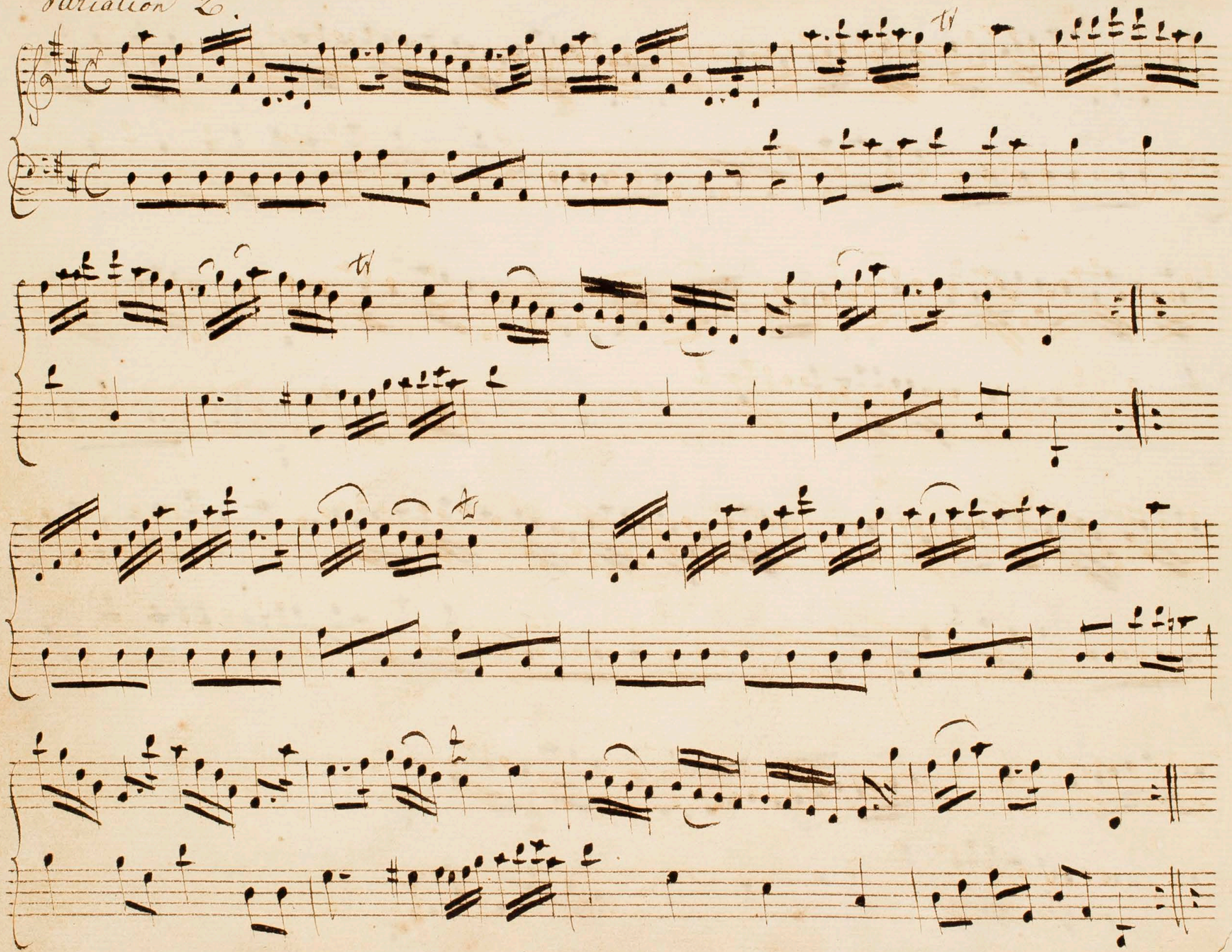
17 Washington Resignation



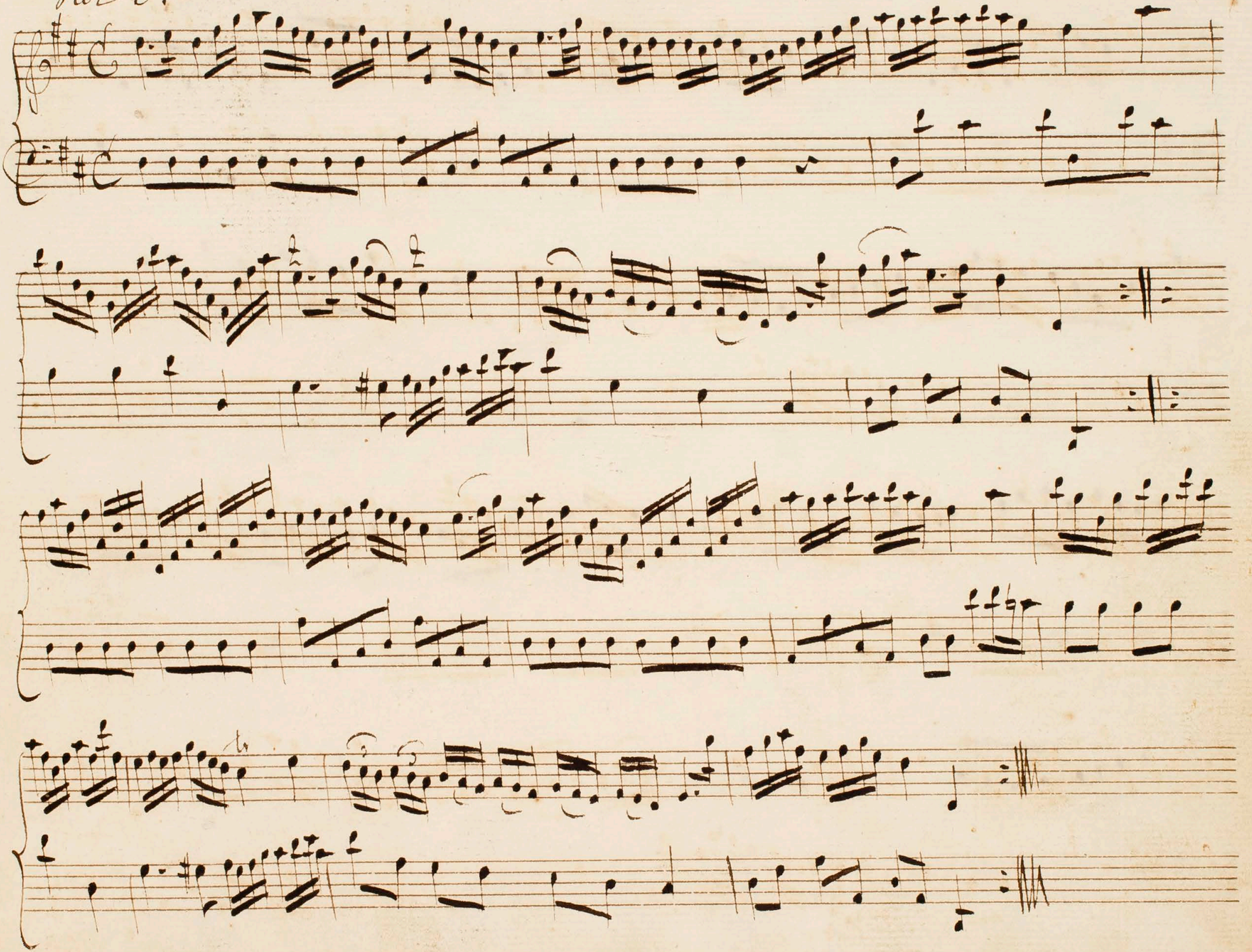




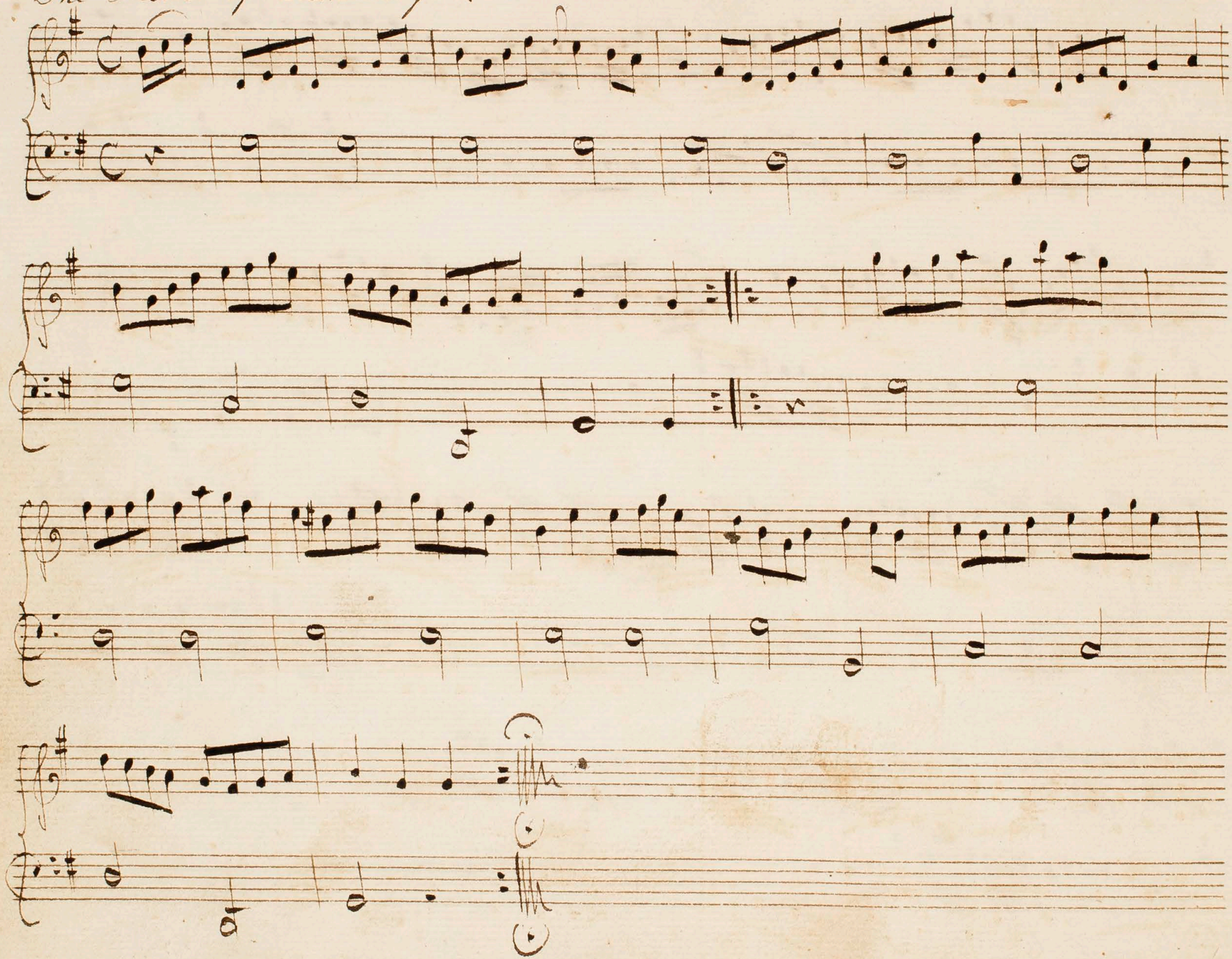
Variation 2.



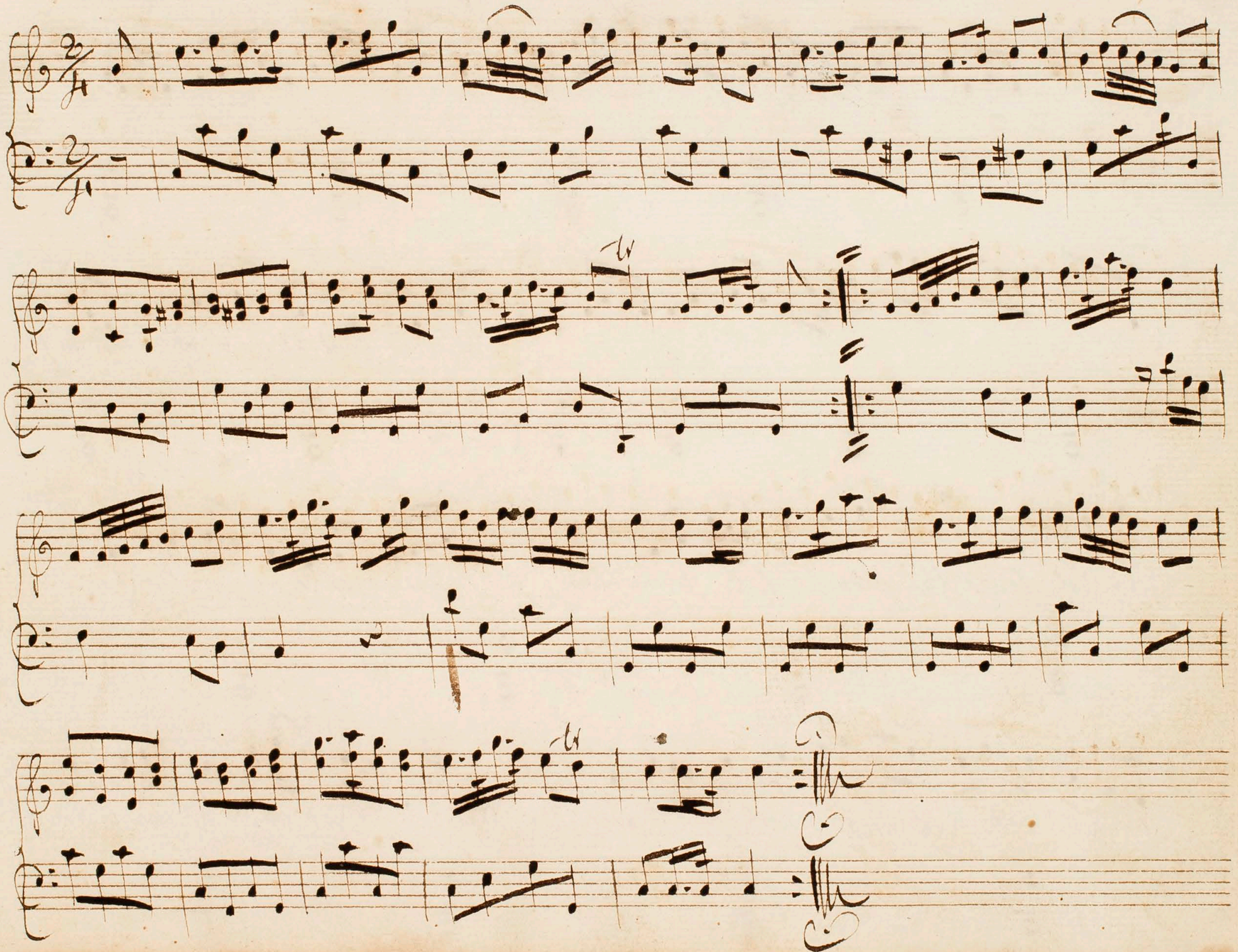
Var 3.



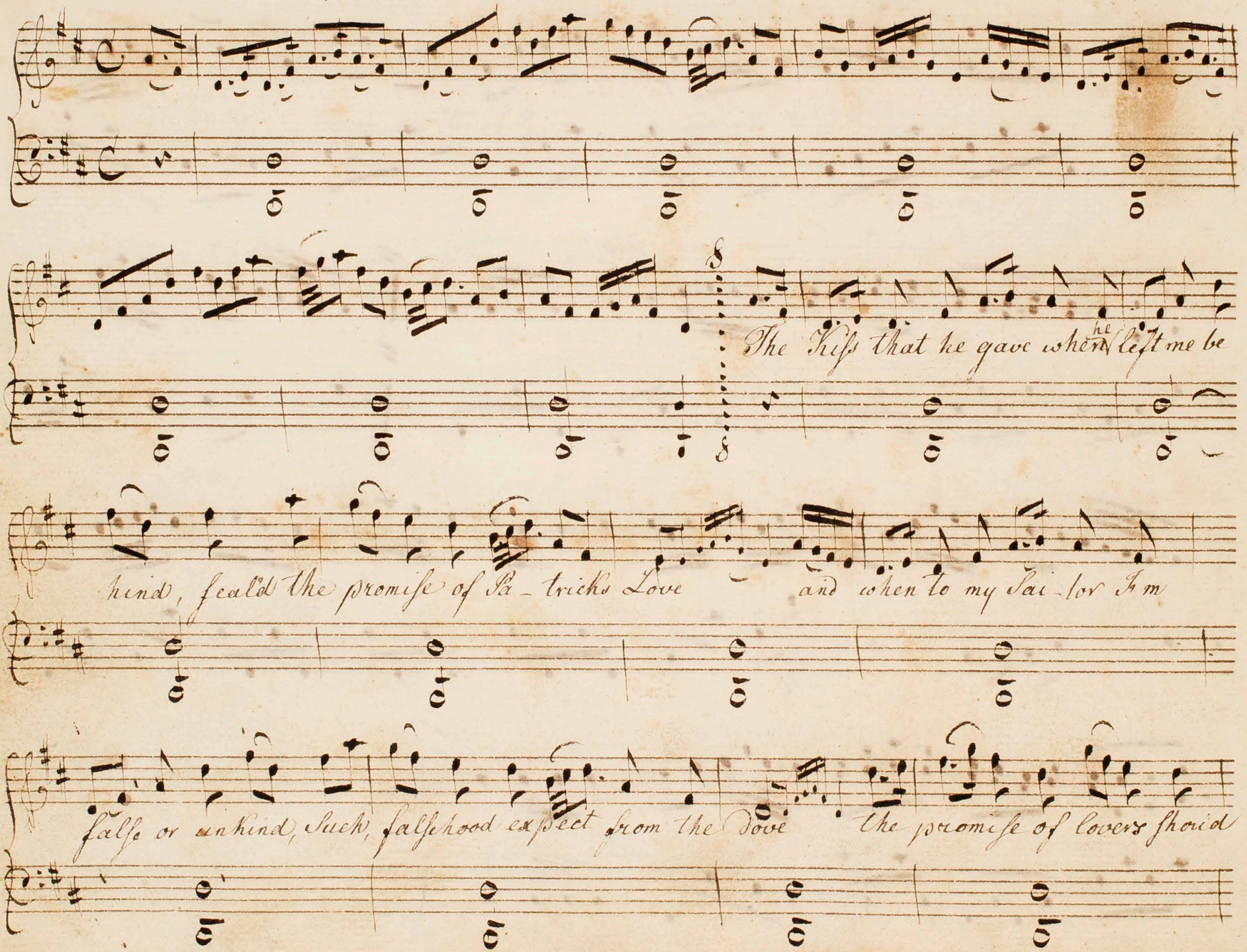
The Flower of Edenbourgh. 20.

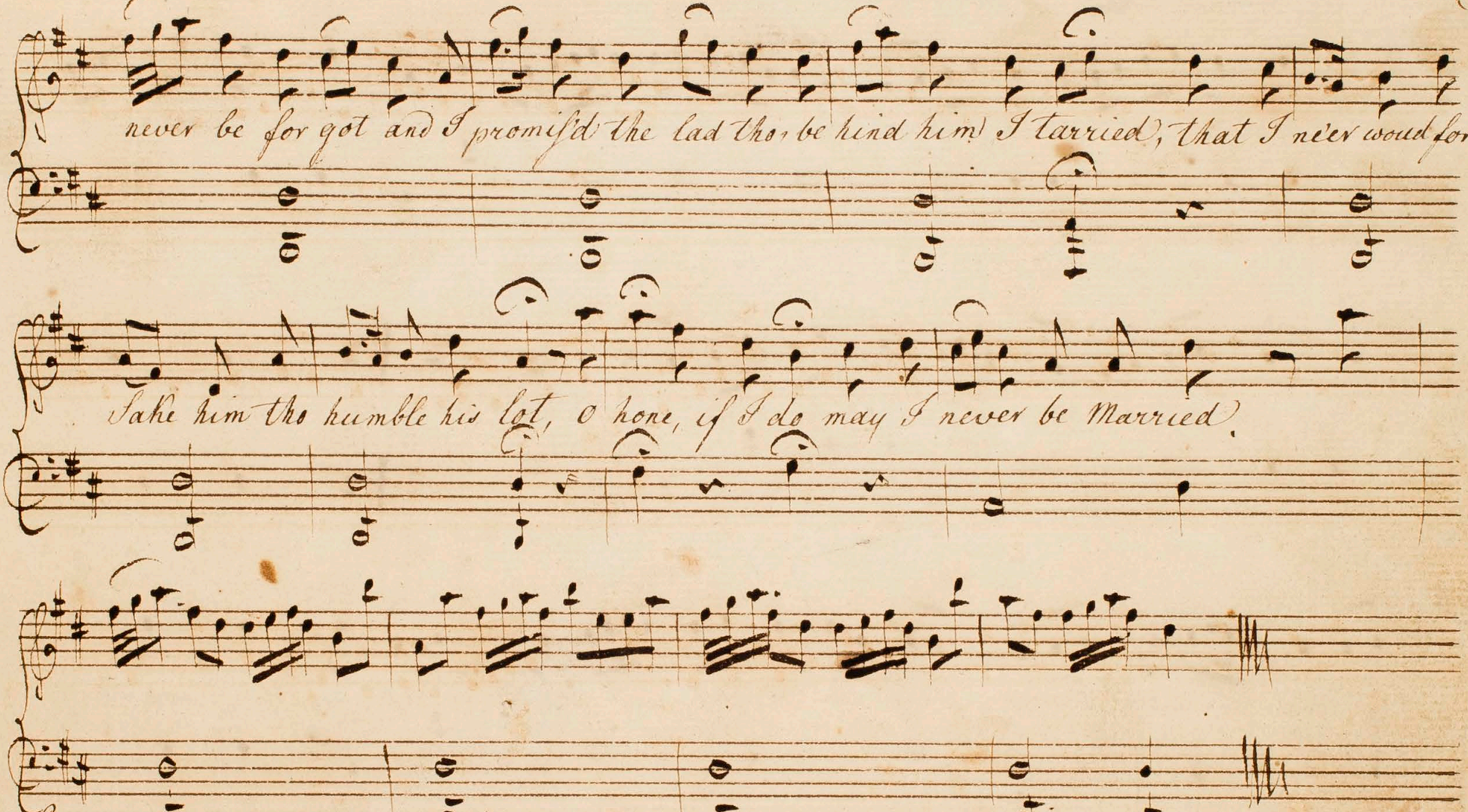


March 21. des deux Avares.



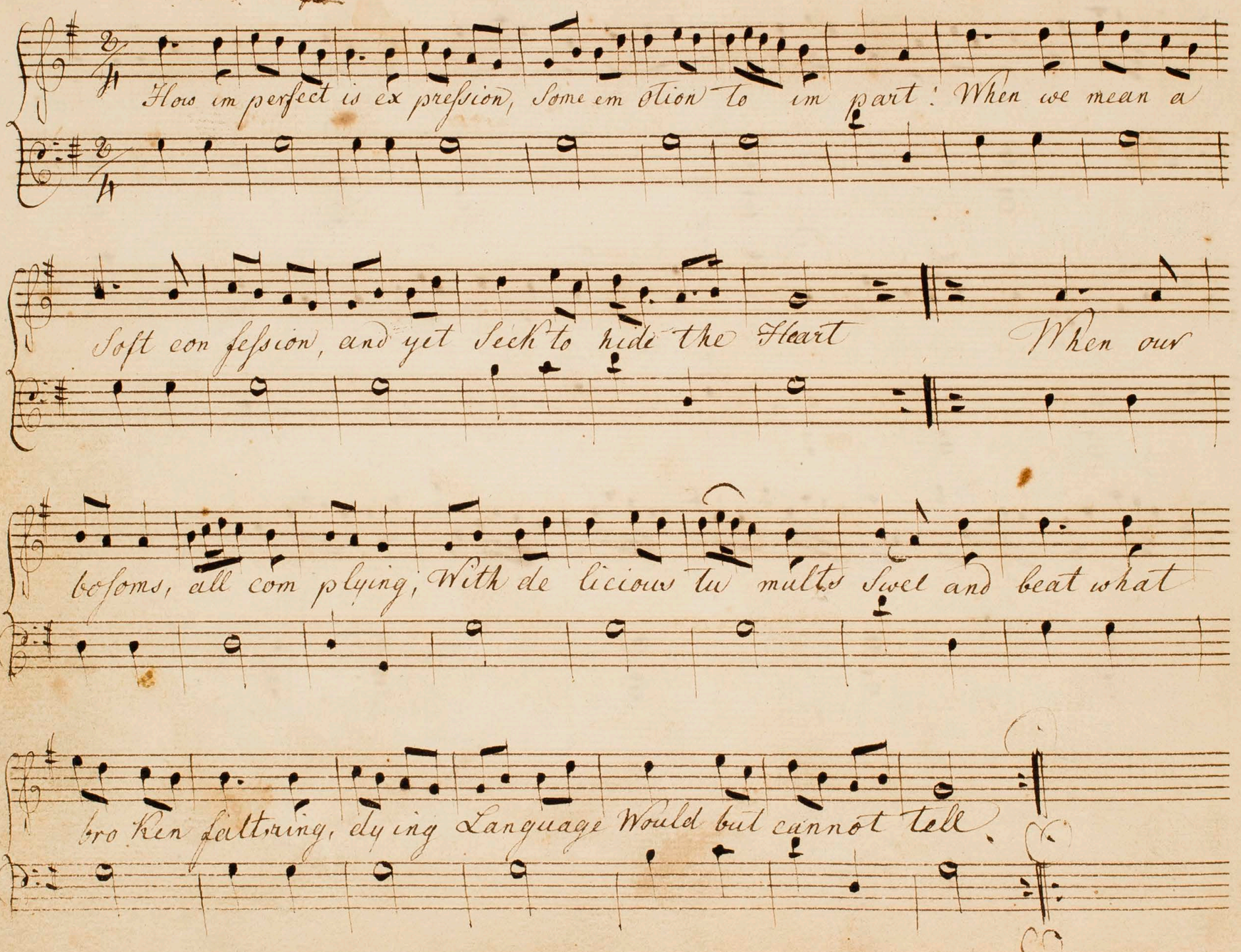
Vivace 22. May I never be Married





Now the winds and the Waves, bear him over the Sea,
The young Squire Would give me fine things.
But what are his Riches or grandeur to me,
His baubles his Ribbons and Rings.
The promise of Lovers Should ne'er be forgot,
And I promis'd the lad tho' behind him I tarried
That I ne'er would for Sake him tho, humble his lot,
O hone, if I dont may I never be Married.

His Cabbin is low but content dwells within;
And Snug is the thatch o'er the door,
For Riches without him, I care not a pin,
For my Sailors the lad I adore
The promise of Lovers Should ne'er be forgot,
Yet Some times Such hopes we all Know have miscarry
I Trust he'll prove true but I'll fit him if not
O hone if I dont my I never be Married

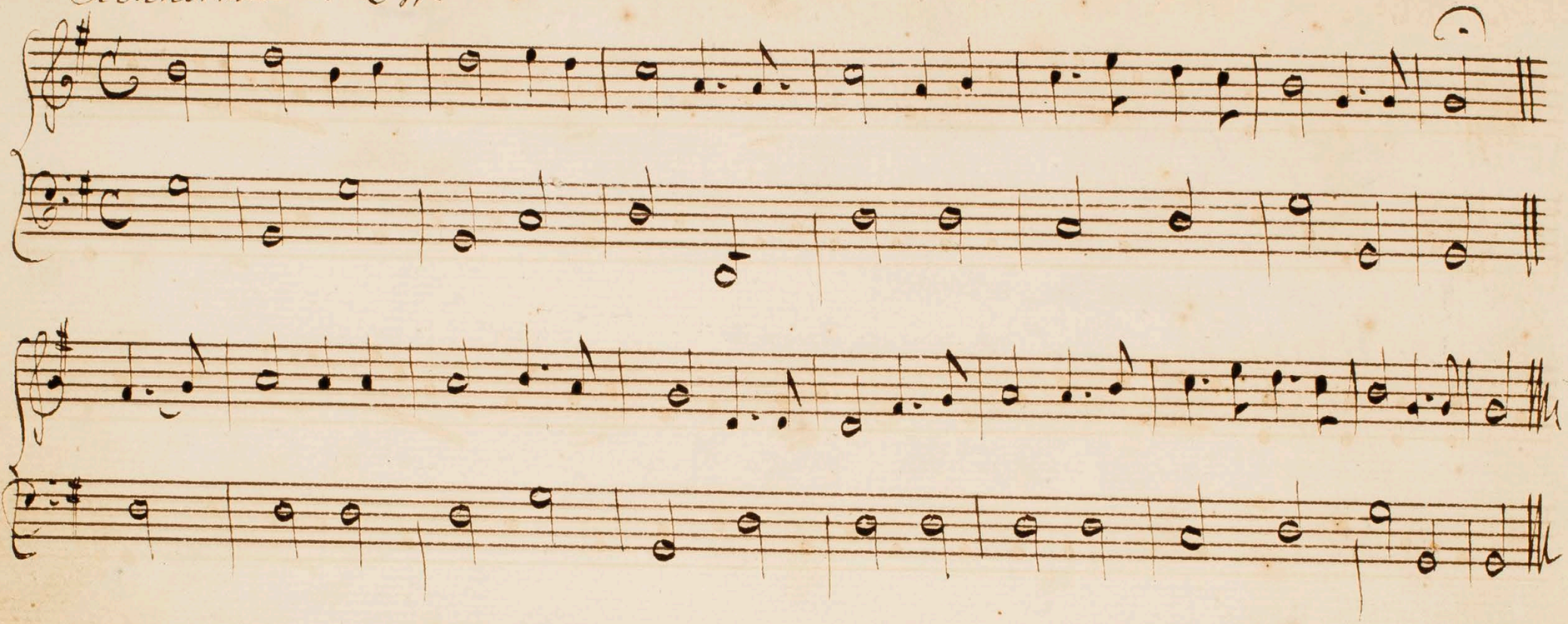

How im perfect is ex preſsion, Some em otion to im part: When we mean a
Soft con feſsion, and yet Seek to hide the Heart When our
boſoms, all com plying; With de licious tu mults Swel and beat what
bro Ken faltring, dy ing Language Would but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror
Quite expressive paints my Cheek.
Ask no more- behold your error,
Blushes eloquently Speak.
What tho' Silent is my anguish
Or breathed only to the air.
Mark my eyes and as they languish
Read what yours have Written there.

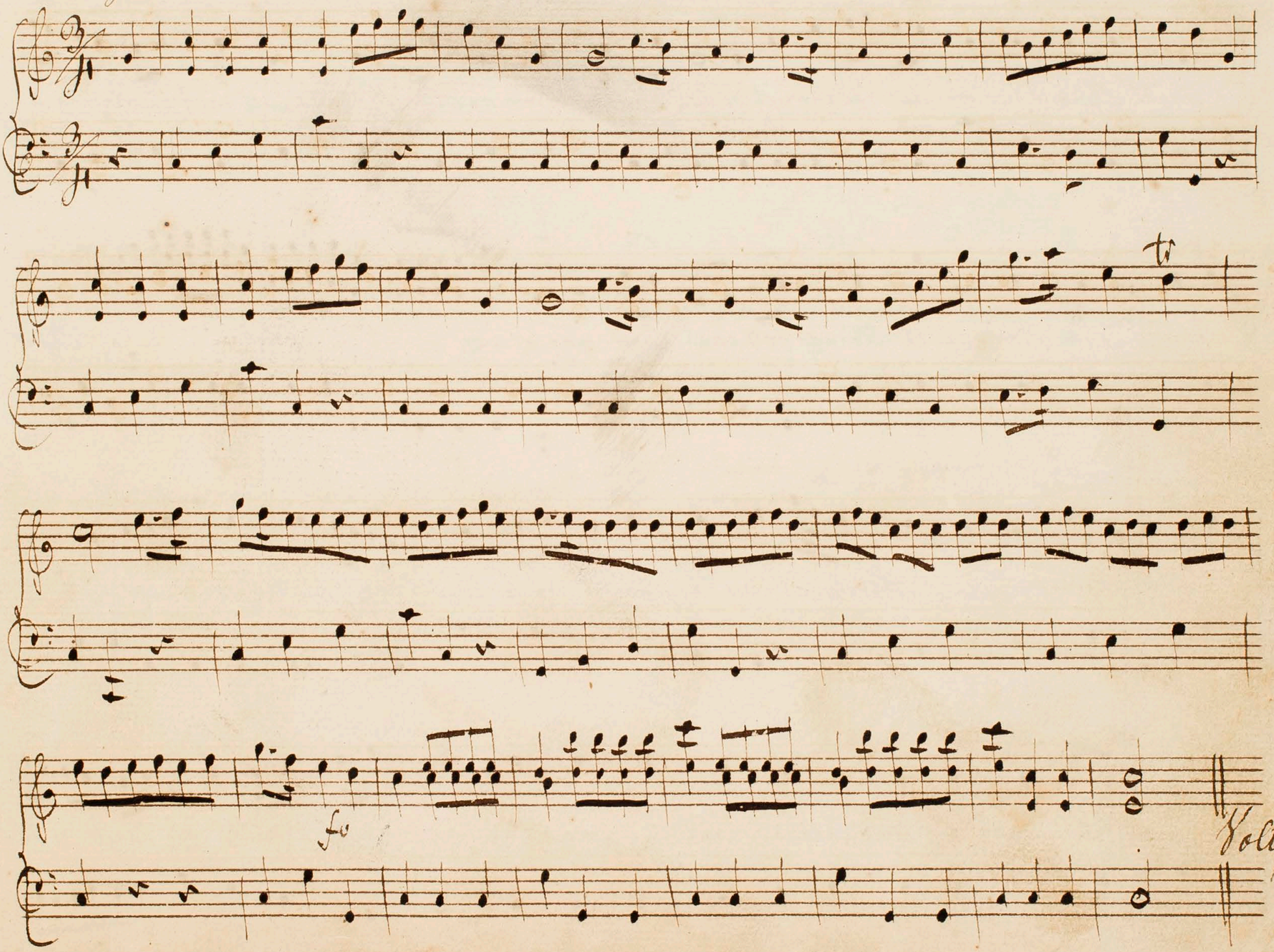
3.

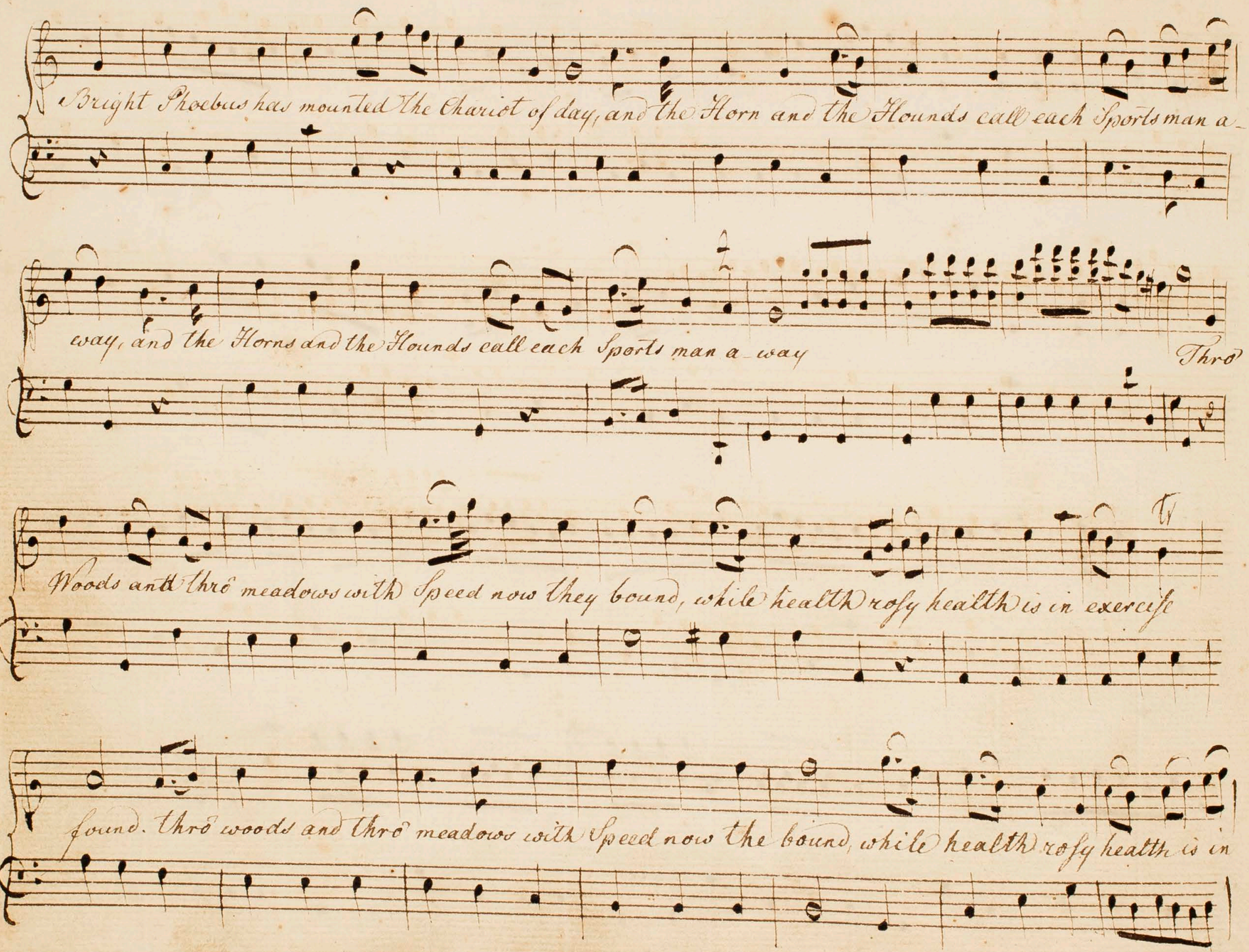
Oh that you Culd once conceive me,
Once my Soals Strong feeling view.
Love has rough more fond believeme
Friendship nothing half so true
From you I am Wild, despairing
With you Speechless as I touch
This is all that bears declaring
And perhaps declares too much.

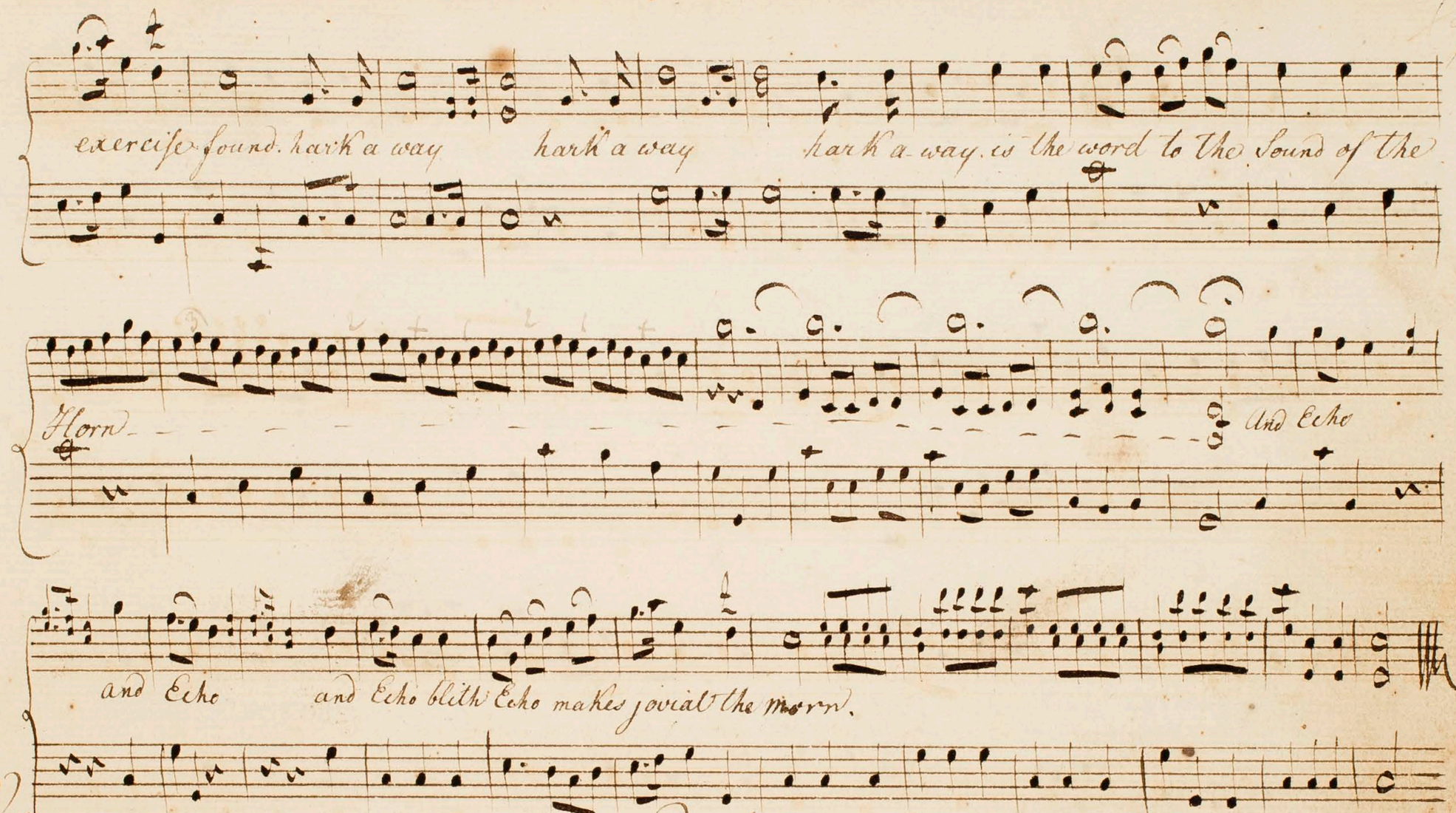
Alknormack. 24.



Allegro 26. Hark away is the Word to the Sound of the Horn.



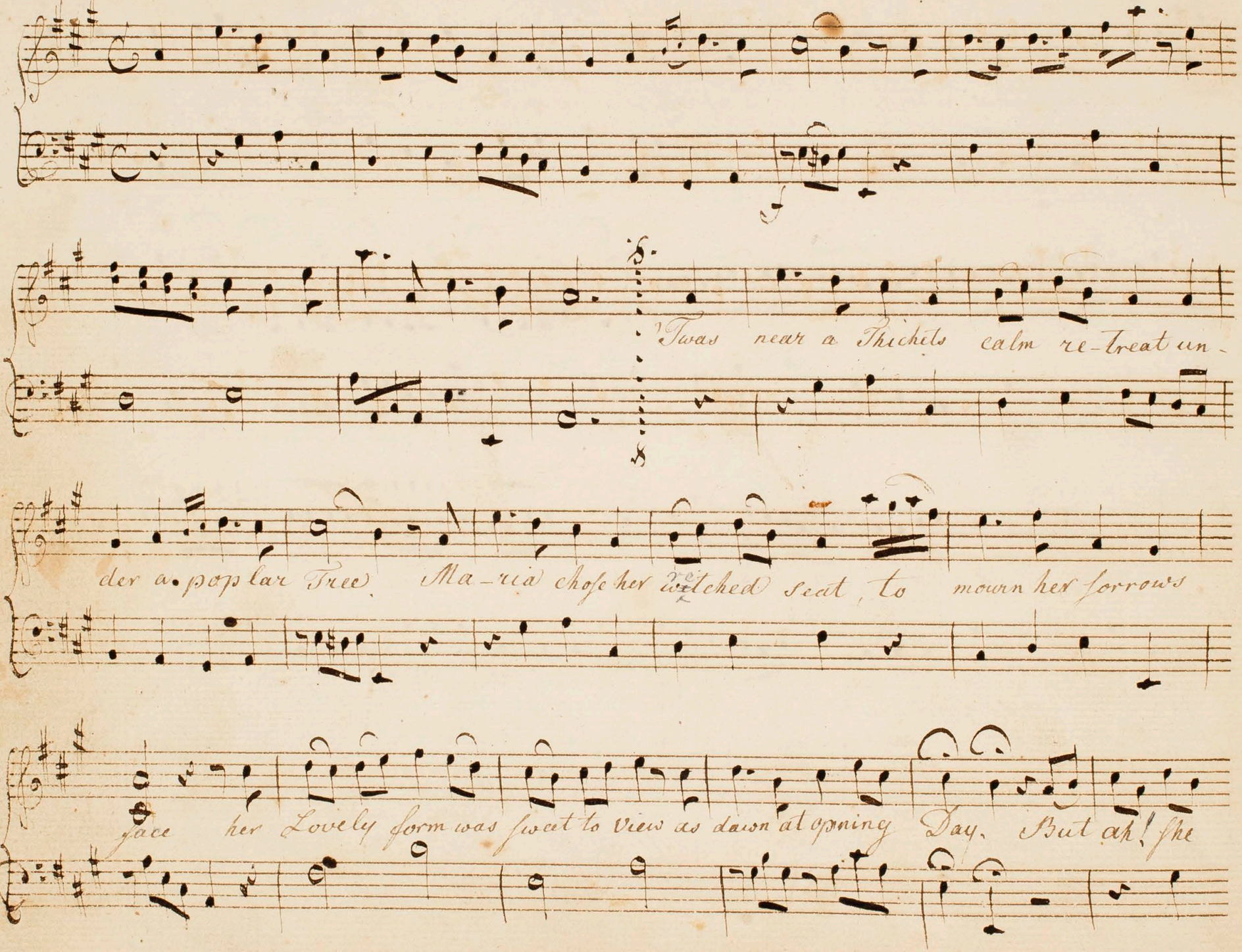

Bright Phoebus has mounted the Chariot of day, and the Horn and the Hounds call each Sports man a-
way, and the Horns and the Hounds call each Sports man a-way
Thrō
Woods and thrō meadows with Speed now they bound, while health rosy health is in exercise
sound. thrō woods and thrō meadows with Speed now the bound, while health rosy health is in

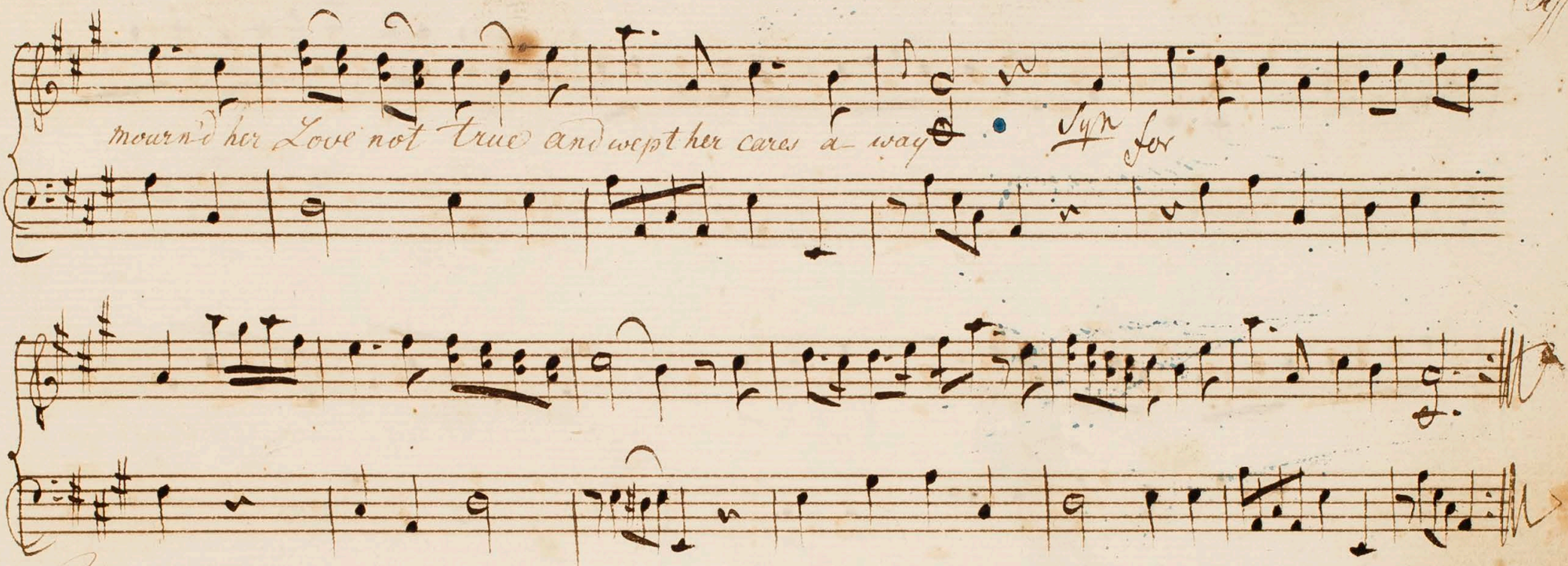


2) Each Hill and each Vally is Lovely to view.
While Pugs flies the Covert and dogs quick pursue
Behold ~~where She flies Over the wide Spreading plain.~~
While the Loud Opening pack pursue her a main.
Hark ~~a way~~ D. C.

3). At length Pugs is caught and lies panting for breath
And the Shout of the Huntsman's the Signal of death
~~No joys can delight like the sports of the field.~~
To Hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.
Hark a way D. C.

Andante 27. Maria

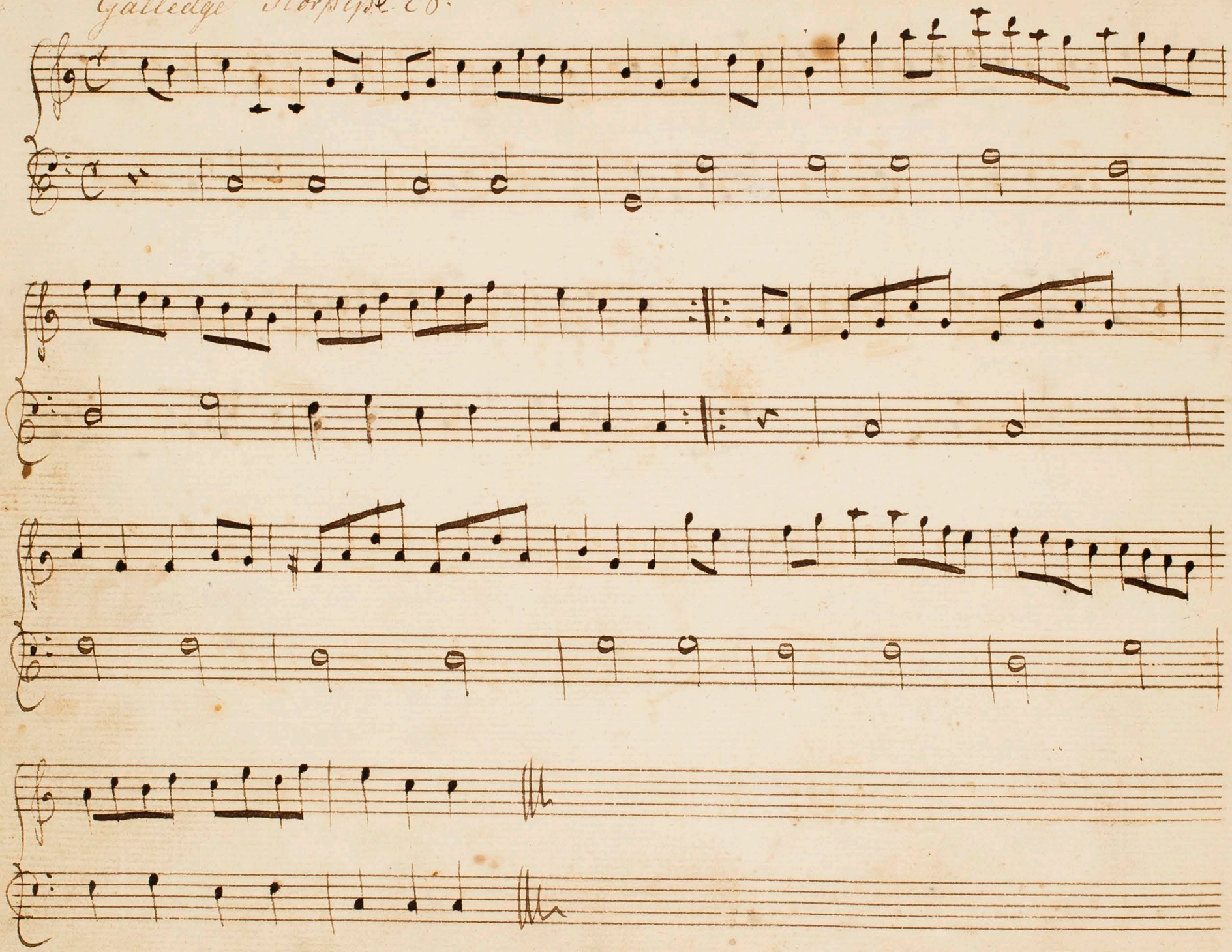


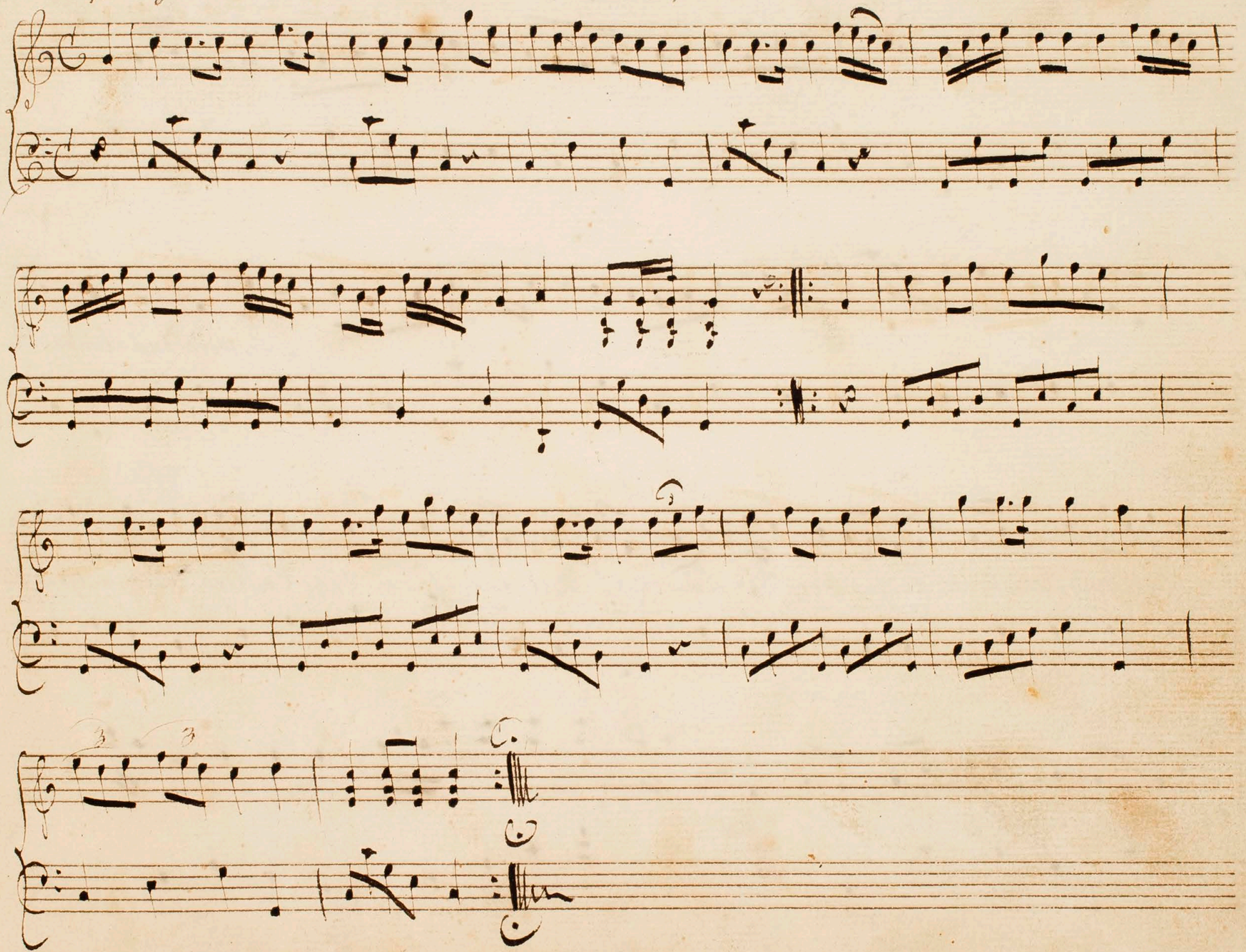

mourn'd her Love not true and wept her cares a-way
Syn for

The Brook flou'd gently at her feet
In Murmurs Soft a long
Her Pipe which once She tun'd so Sweet,
Had now forgot its Song
No more to charm the Vall she tries,
For Grief had fill'd her Breast,
Tho Joys which once she us'ed to prize,
For Love had robbed her Rest,

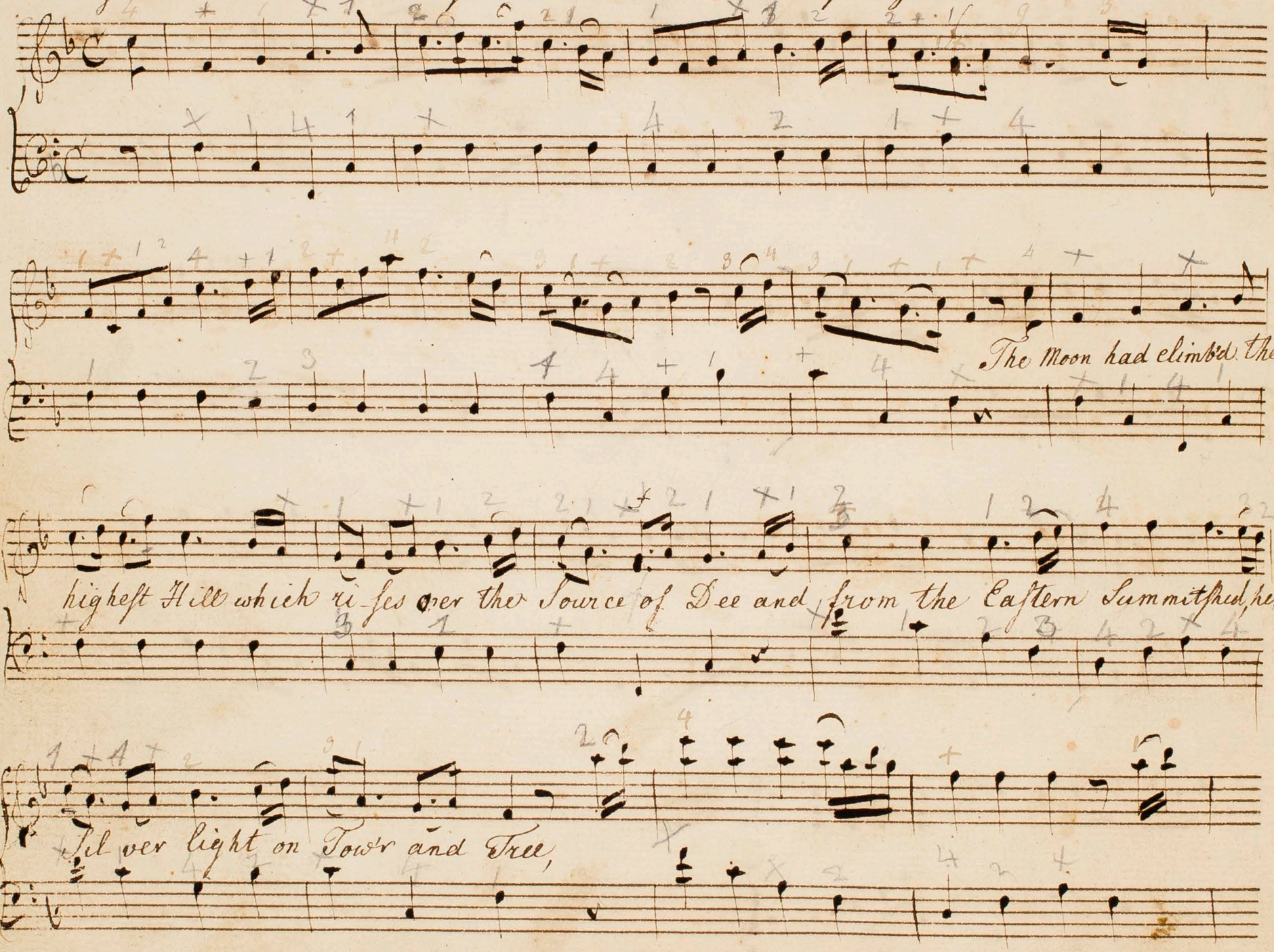
Poor hapless Maid who can behold,
Thy Sorrows so severe,
Or hear thy Love lorn Story told,
Whithout a falling Tear,
Maria luckeless Maid! A dieu,
Thy Sorrows soon Shall Cease,
And Heavin will take a Maid so true
To everlasting Peace.

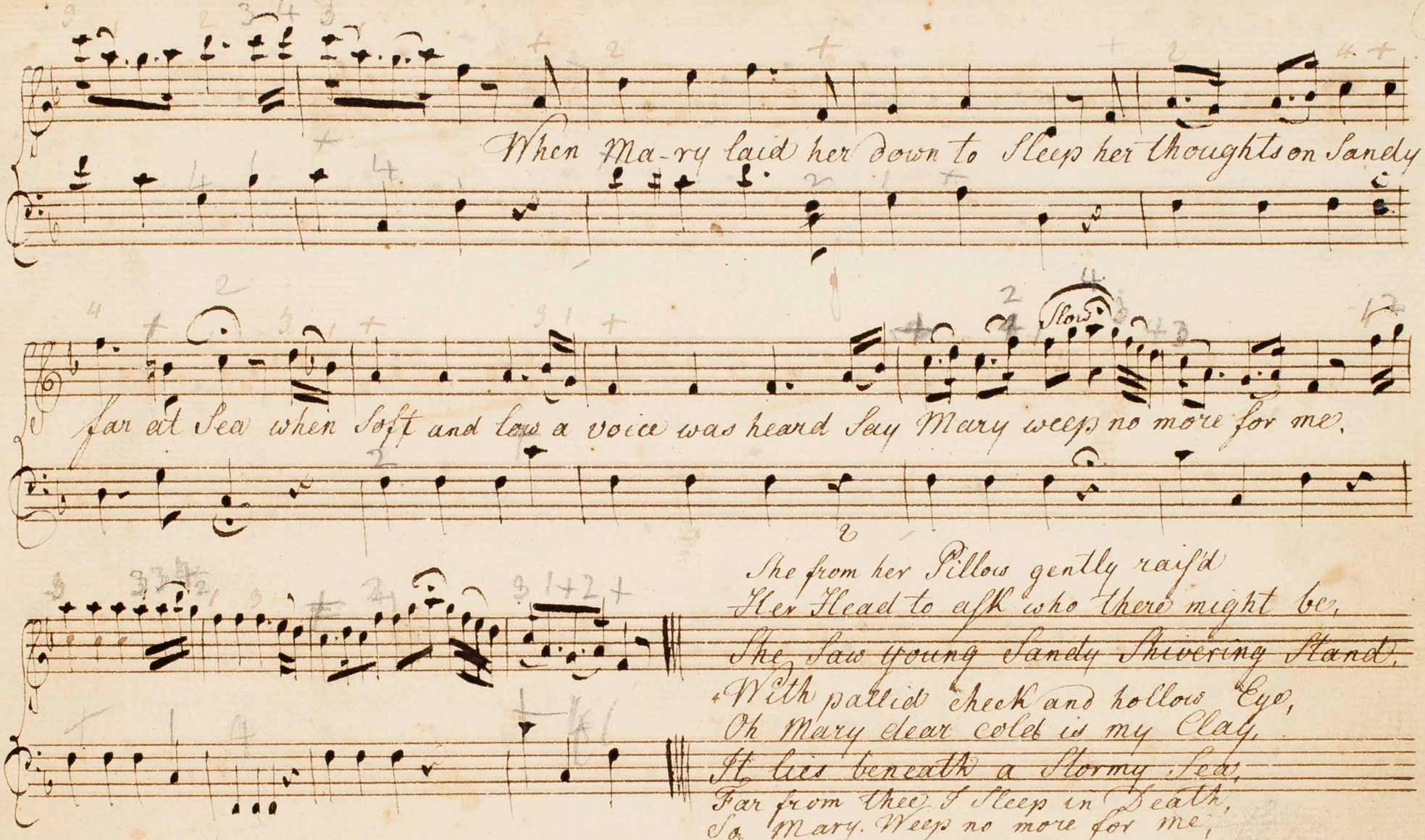
Galledge Horpipe 28.





Larghetto 30. Mary's Dream or Sandy's Ghost.





2

She from her Pillow gently raisd
Her Head to ask who there might be,
She saw young Sandy Shivering Stand,
With pallid Cheek and hollow Eye,
Oh Mary dear cold is my Clay,
It lies beneath a Stormy Sea,
Far from thee I Sleep in Death,
So Mary. Weep no more for me,

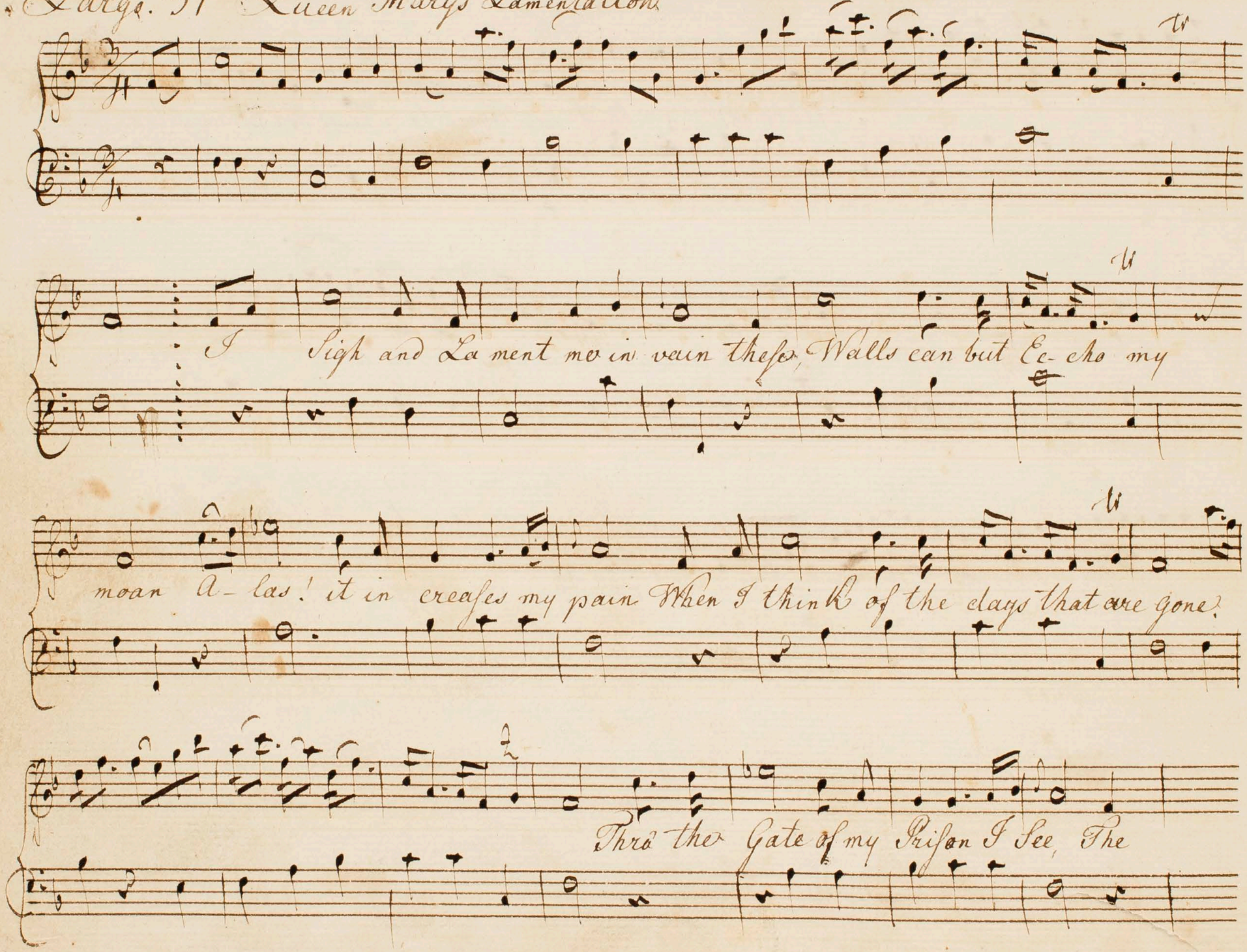
3

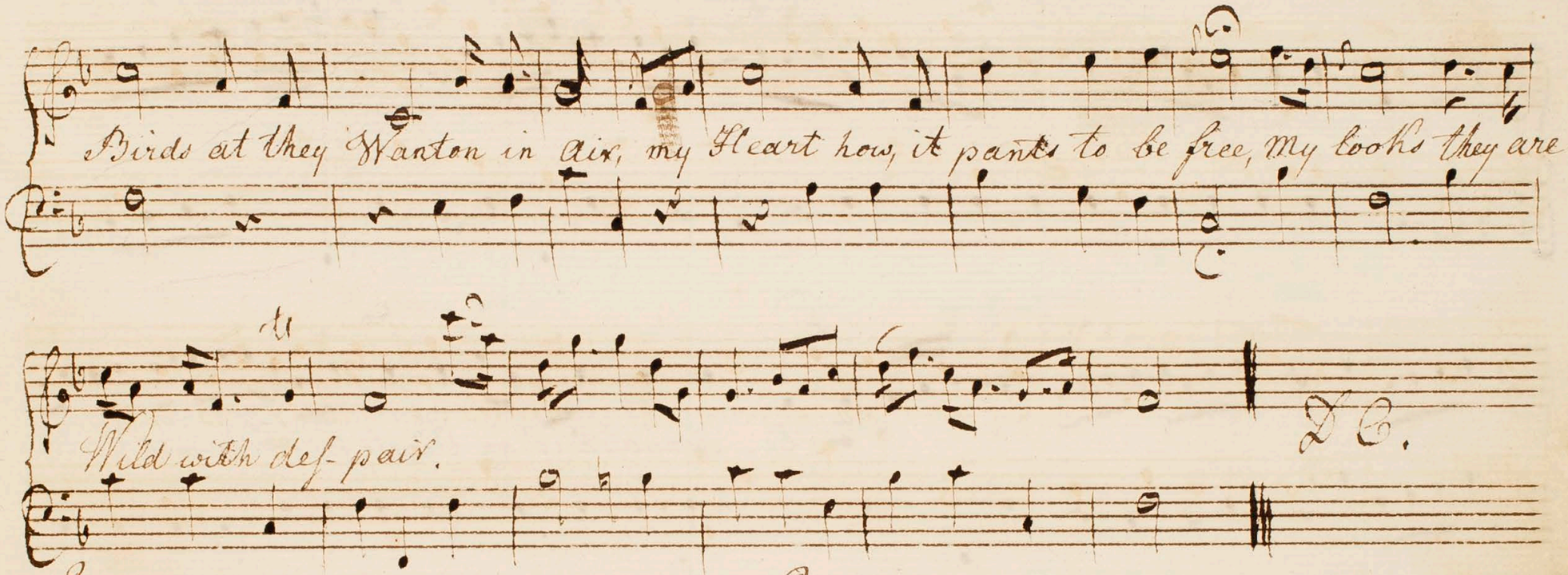
Three Stormy Nights and Stormy Days,
We tossd up on the raging Main,
And long we Strove our Bark to Save,
But all our Striving was in vain
Even then When hor-ror chilld my Blood,
My heart was fillid with love for thee,
The Storm is past and I at rest,
So Mary Weep no more for me,

4.

Oh Maiden dear thy Self prepare,
We Soon Shall meet upon that Shore,
Where Love is free from doubt or care,
And thou and I Shall part no more,
Loud crowd the Cock, the Shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could She See,
But Soft the passing Spirit Said
Sweet Mary Weep no more for me.

Largo. 31 Queen Marys Lamentation





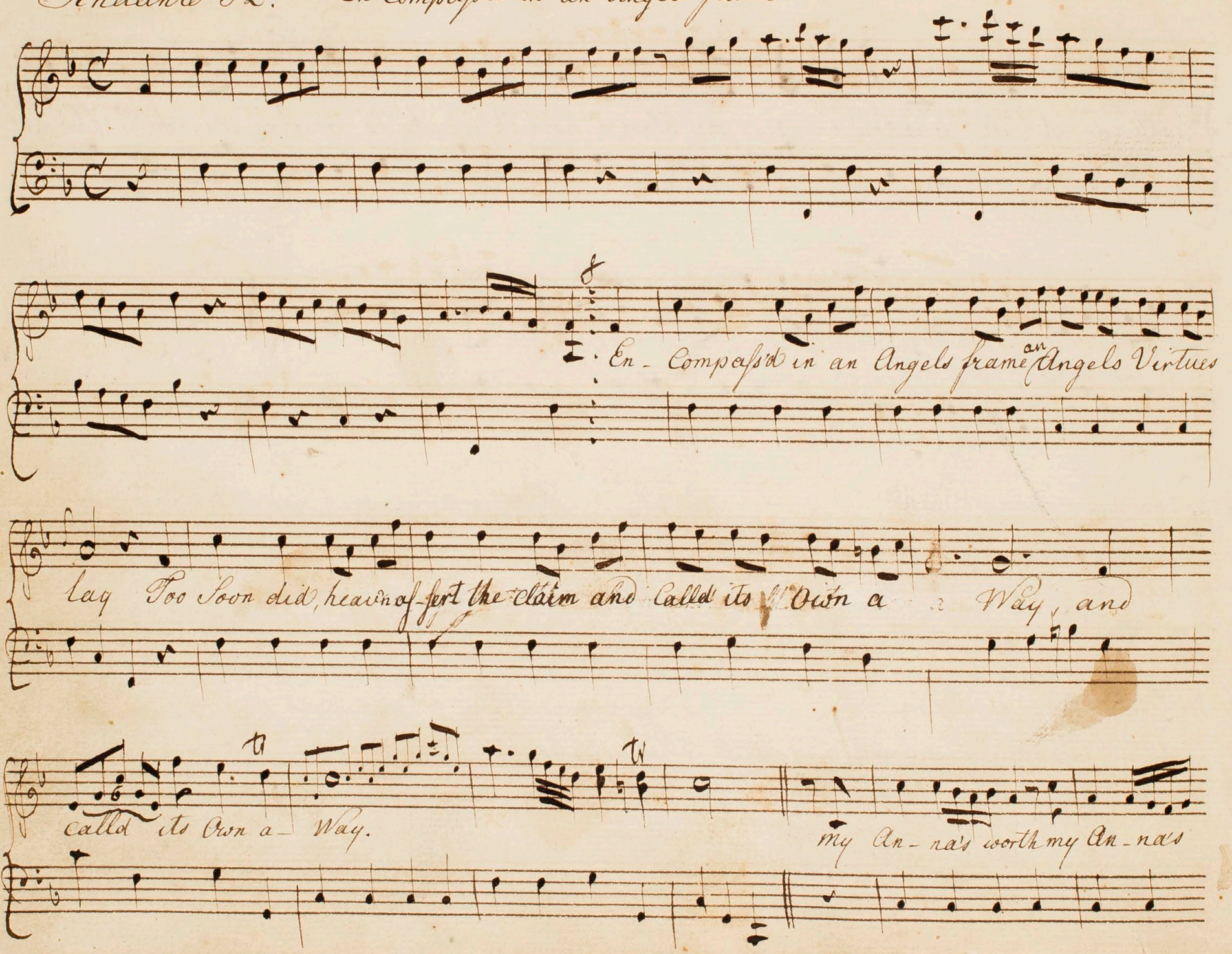
2.

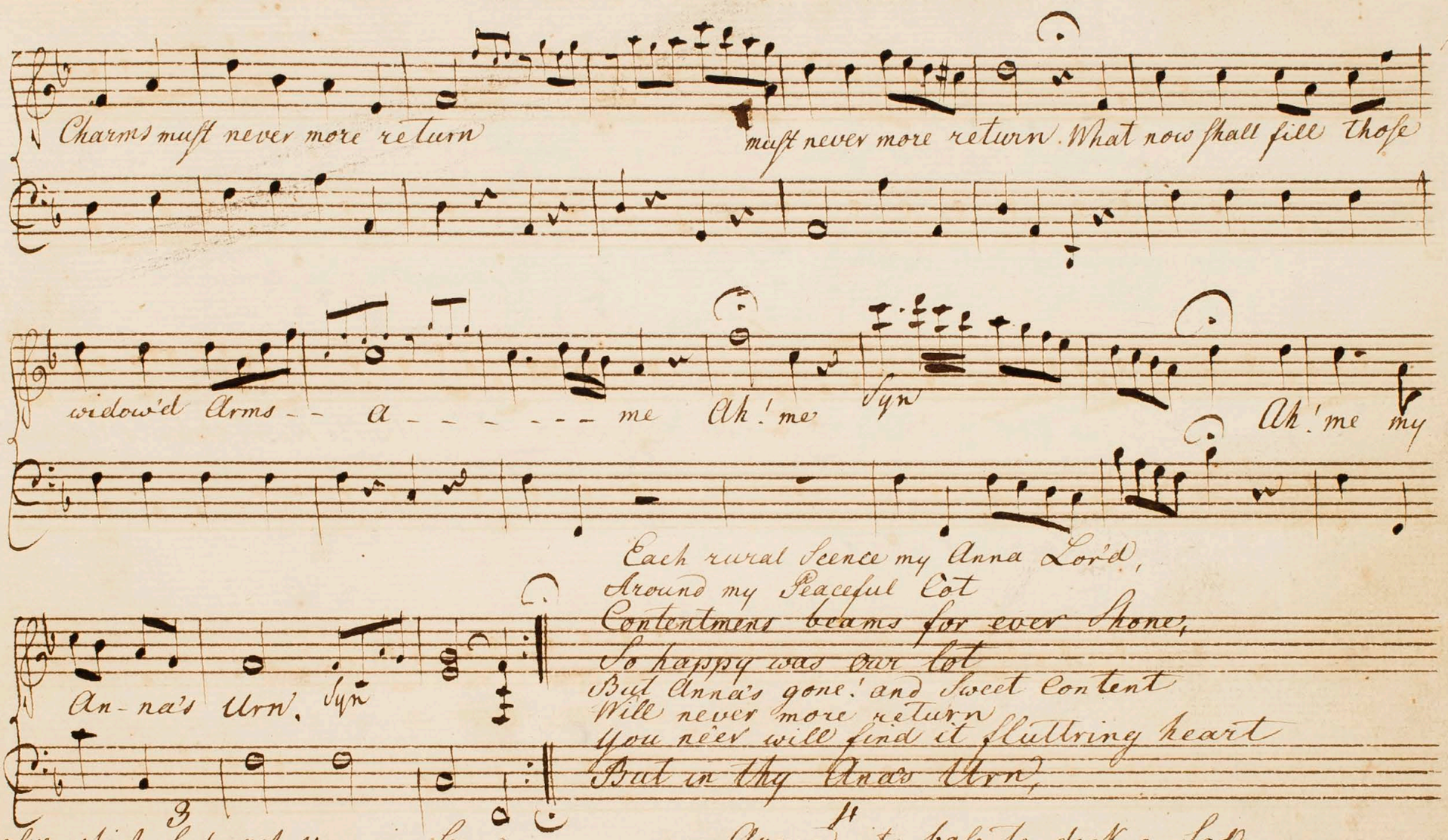
Above the oppress by my Fate,
I burn with Contempt for my foes,
Tho, Fortune has alterd my State
She ne'er can Subdue me to those
False Women, in Ages to Come,
They Malice detested Shall be,
And When we are cold in the Tomb,
Som Heart Still will Sorrow for me,

3.

Ye Roofs where cold damps and dismay
With Silence and Solitude, dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How Sad tolls the Evening Bell;
The Owls from the Battlements cry,
Hollow winds Seem to murmur Around,
O Mary prepare thee to die,
My Blood it runs cold at the Sound.

Andante 32. En Compassid in an Angels frame





Each rural Scence my Anna Lor'd,
Around my Peaceful Cot
Contentment beams for ever Shone,
So happy was our lot
But Anna's gone! and Sweet Content
Will never more return
You ne'er will find it flutring heart
But in thy Anna's Urn.

3

Pleasur which led each varying Scene,
Is now for ever flown,
The ~~Sweets of each returning Year,~~
Are fleet: now Annas gone,
Thither her Village friends shall haste
~~Around the Spot to mourn,~~
~~Her fleecy charge shall cease to graze,~~
And bleat round Anna's Urn,

4

Around its base to deck a Sod,
I'll riffle from my bower,
The Woodbine Jesmine Myrtle Rose,
Whyt every fragrant Flowr,
At Eve when Phoebus Quits ye Plain,
And at his first return
He'll find me Watring with my Tears,
Th Shrubs round Anna's Urn.

Of Time & Accenting.

The Measure note is a 𝅝 or 𝅗𝅥 or ♩ set down at the head of the tune in a Cypher representing its length, over which cypher is by an other Cypher mentioned how many such notes, or equal proportions of notes or rests shall be contained in every bar.

In the aforesaid, is Number 2 meant for a 𝅗𝅥
4 ♩
8 ♪.

The mark of C is originating from the old denomination of common time. it means 4/4 or four crotchets in the bar.

To give the notes & rests their true Length is by far not sufficient for the meaning of time, there are some parts in a bar that by a fixed rule shall receive a certain beated or accented preference, and other parts of the bar shall not be accented. Those bars that contain an odd number of part are to be beated or accented quite differently from those bars containing an equal number of parts.

All Sorts of time can be divided in two Classes viz.

1 time at two or equal time (in some cases called common time) when the bar contains two or four parts. This Time hath 2 species
one mark'd C which means the value of 4 crotchets in the bar
& one mark'd 2/4 which means that the bar is as large as two crotchets.

In time at two is the beating or accenting equal

The 1st part (all its notes or rests included) is beated or accented
The 2d part (----------) is unaccented.
The 3d ---------- is accented
The 4th ---------- is unaccented.

2 **time at three**. or unequal time (some times call'd triple time) when the bar contains 3 or 6 parts

This time hath 5 species viz

$\frac{3}{2}$ means that the bar is as large as 3 𝅗𝅥

$\frac{3}{4}$ ..... as 3 ♩

$\frac{3}{8}$ ..... as 3 ♪

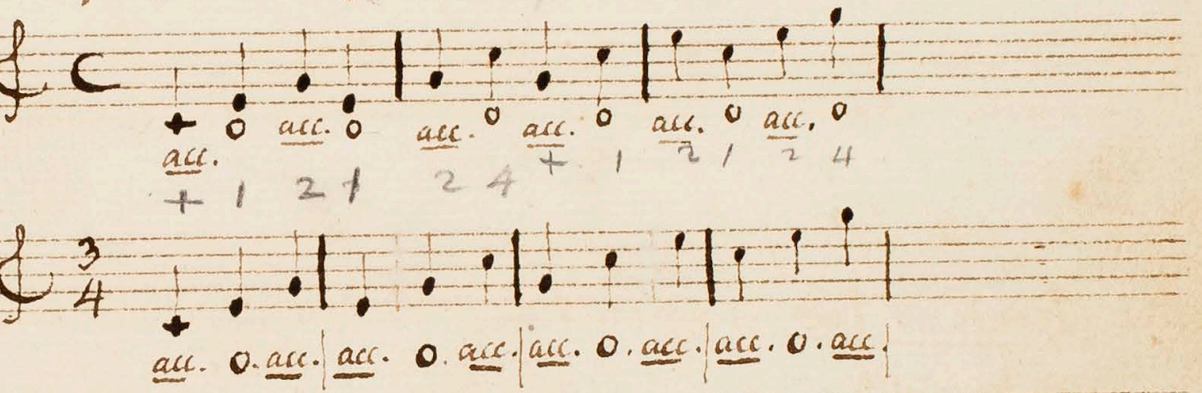
$\frac{6}{4}$ is a double bar of $\frac{3}{4}$

$\frac{6}{8}$ is a double bar of $\frac{3}{8}$.

In time at three is the accenting unequal.

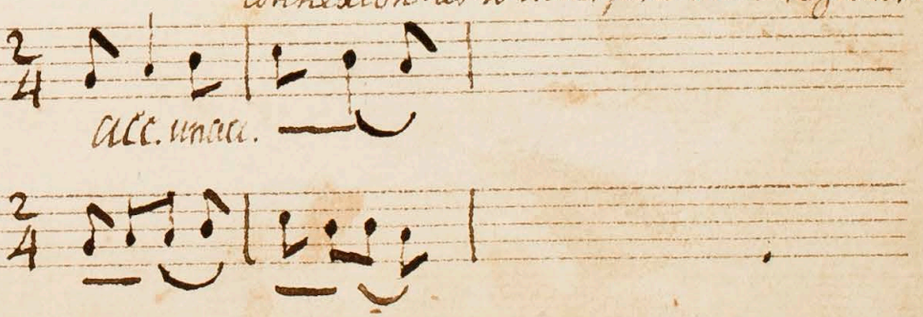
the 1st part is beated or accented.
the 2d ..... unaccented.
the 3d ..... beated or accented.
the 4th ..... beated or accented.
the 5th ..... unaccented.
the 6th ..... beated or accented.

Example of the difference by performing notes of the same found & Length in the 2 aforesaid times



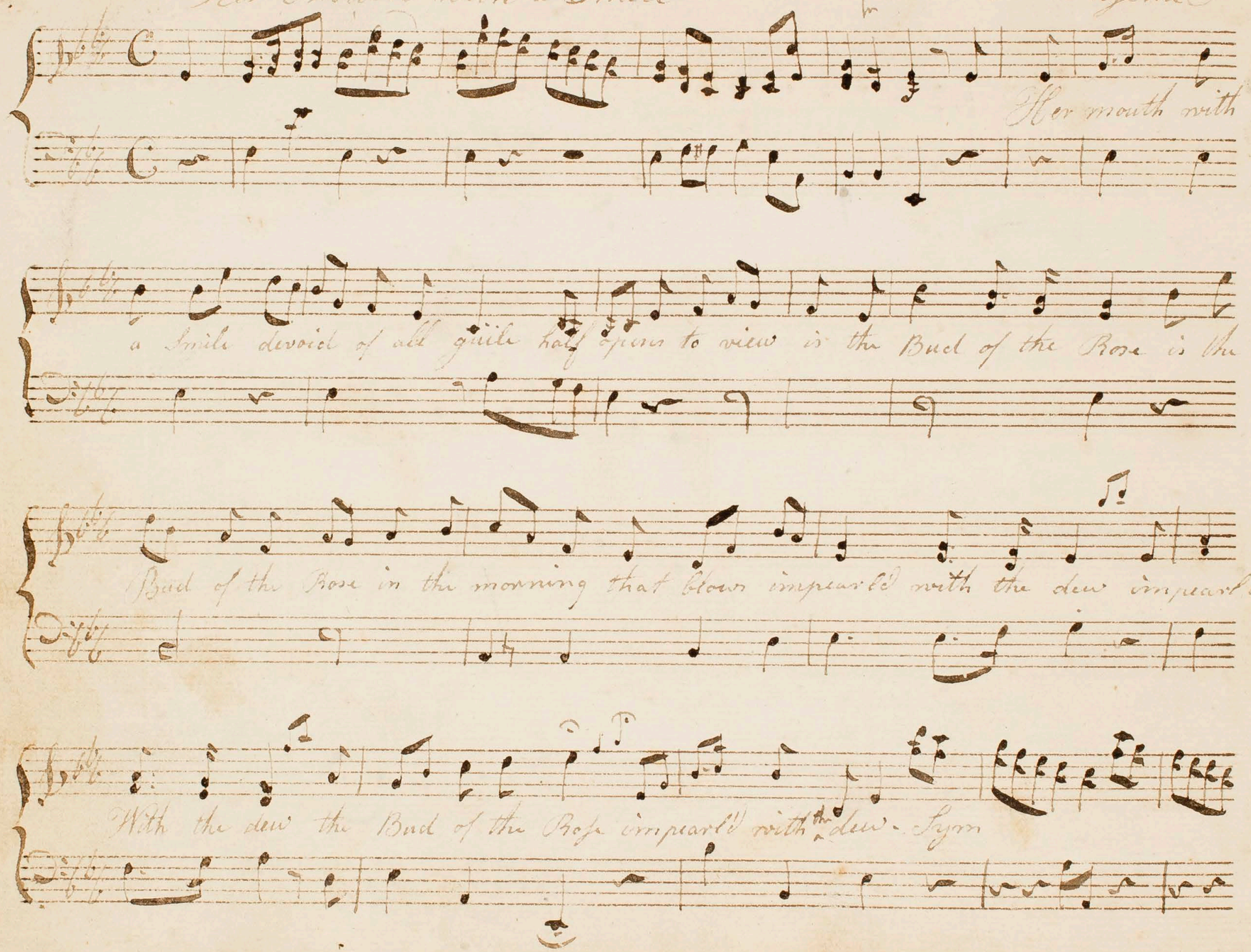
In accenting the performer must give no part in the bar any additional Length or Strength, he has only to observe the different frame in which the parts of the bar are constructed, and that this difference contains the reason of the equal or unequal accenting.

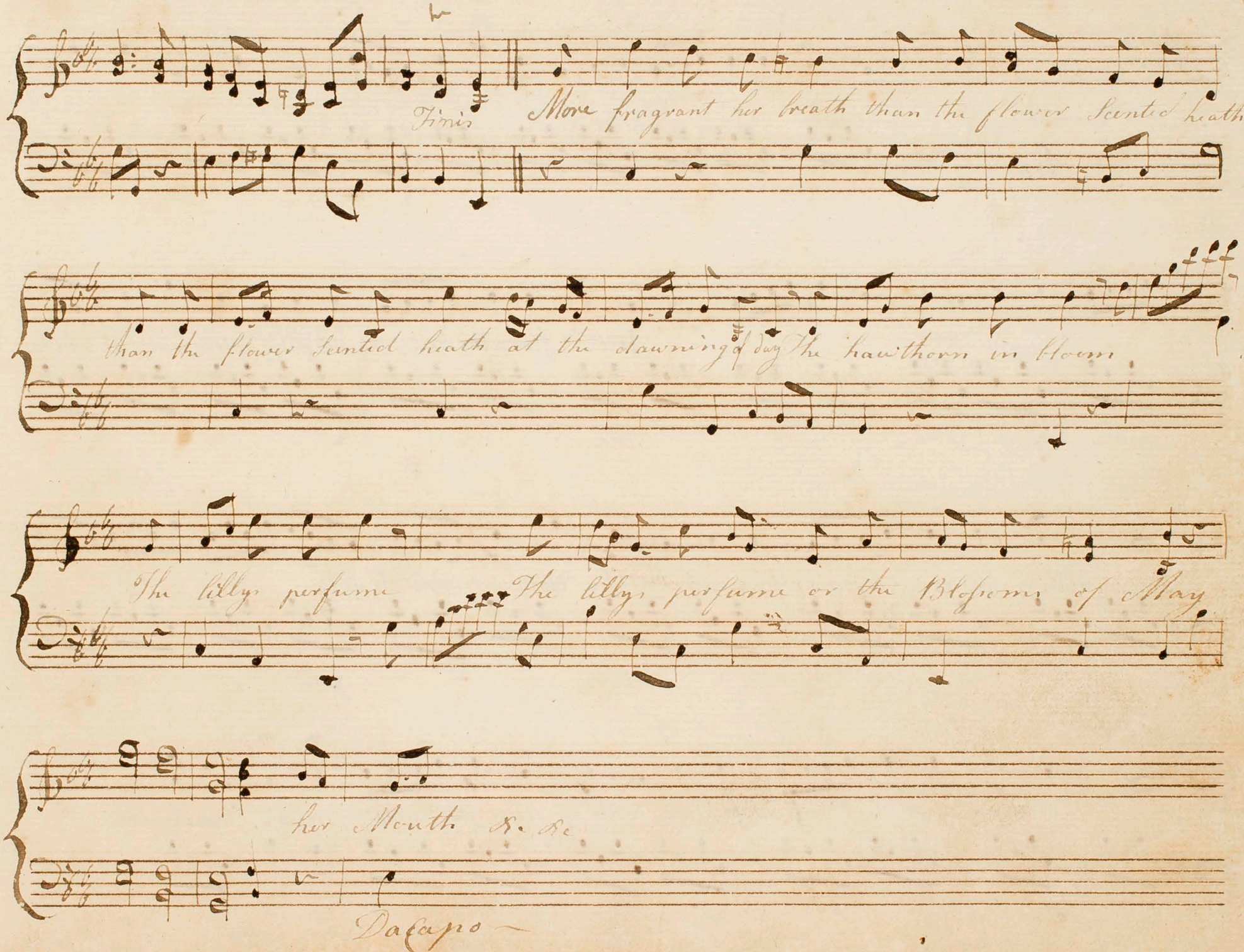
Syncope (as far as it concerns one or more parts in a bar) means that two or more parts in a bar or in following bars are driven in to such a connexion as to interfere their regular accent.



Her Mouth with a Smile

Fr Rosina

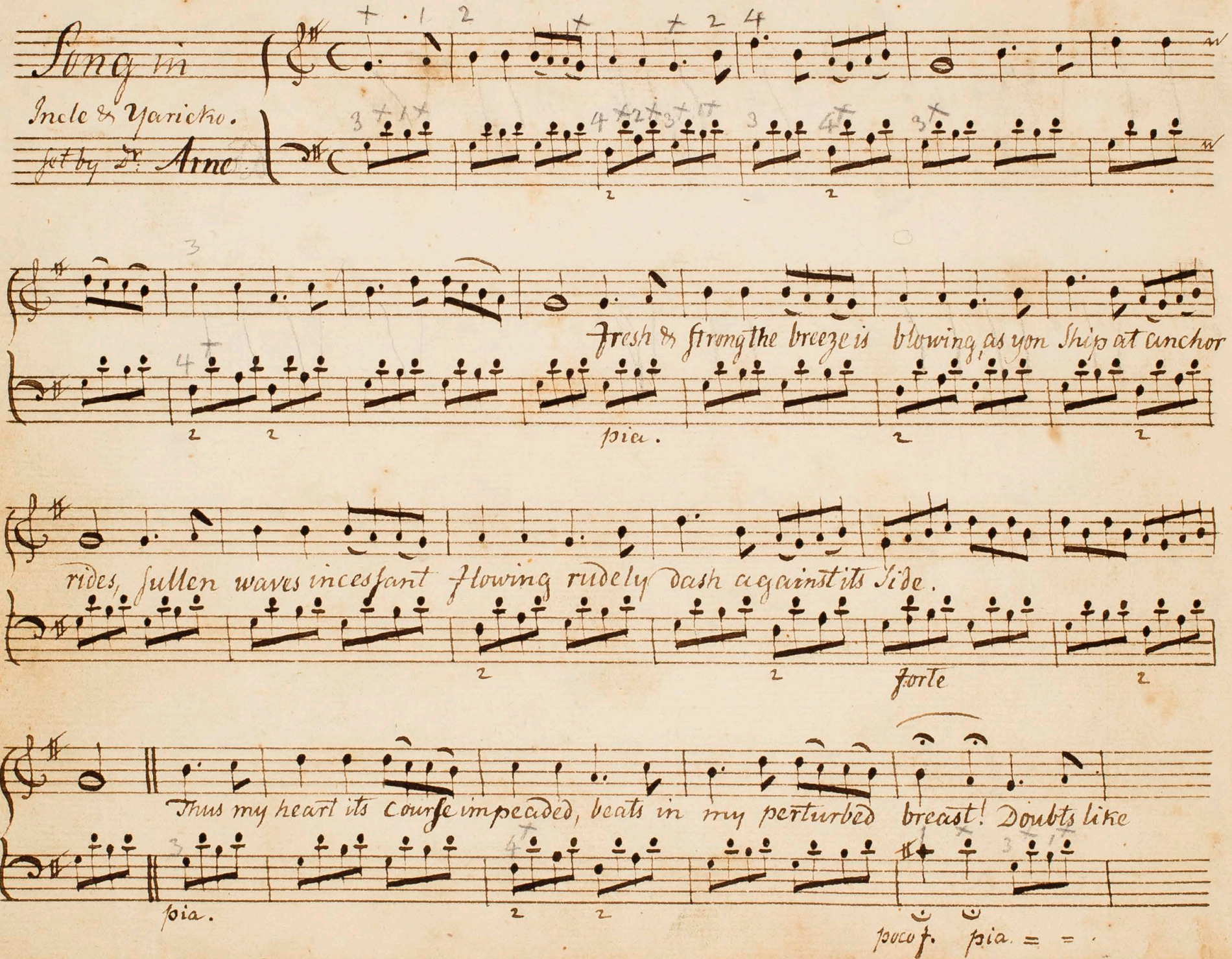


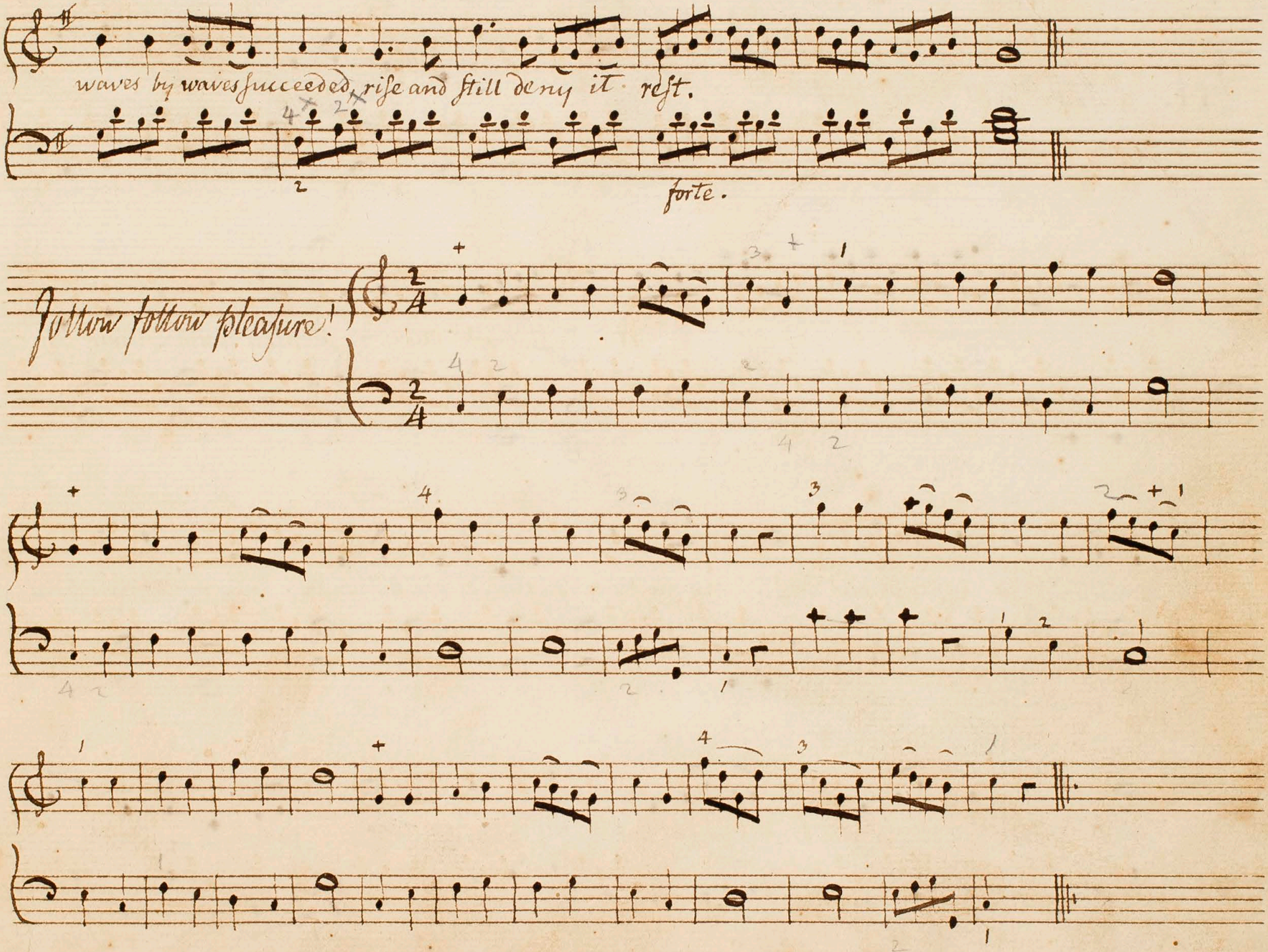

Finis
More fragrant her breath than the flower Scented heath
than the flower Scented heath at the dawning of day the hawthorn in bloom
The lilly perfume
The lilly perfume or the Blossoms of May
her Mouth &c. &c.
Da Capo

Tunes for one fixed position of the fingers.

Song in Uncle & Yaricho.

Set by Dr. Arne




waves by waves succeeded, rise and still deny it rest.
forte.
Follow follow pleasure!

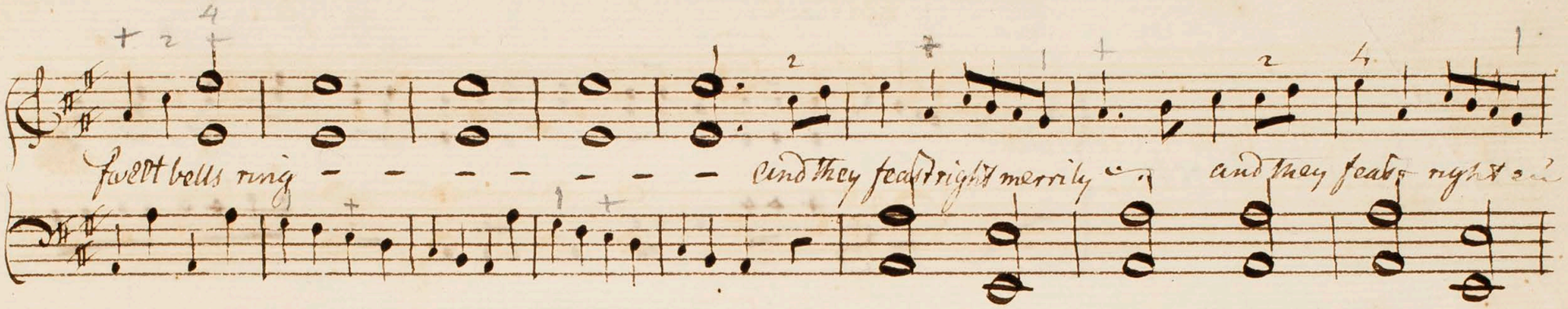
Allegro.

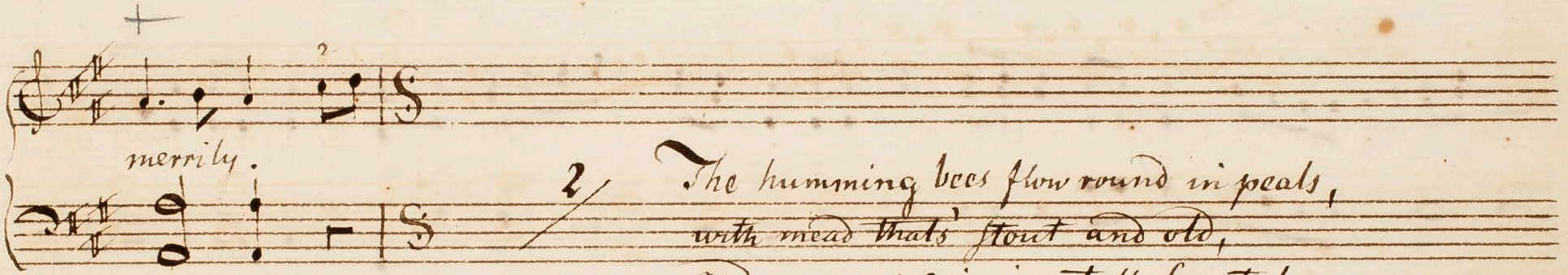
Lets seek the bowr of Robin hood

pia. Lets seek the bowr of

Robin hood, this is his bridal=day and cheerfully in blyth Sherwood bride maids and bridemen

play, Then follow follow me, ye bonny bonny Lads & lets the pastime see, for the minstrell sing, and they

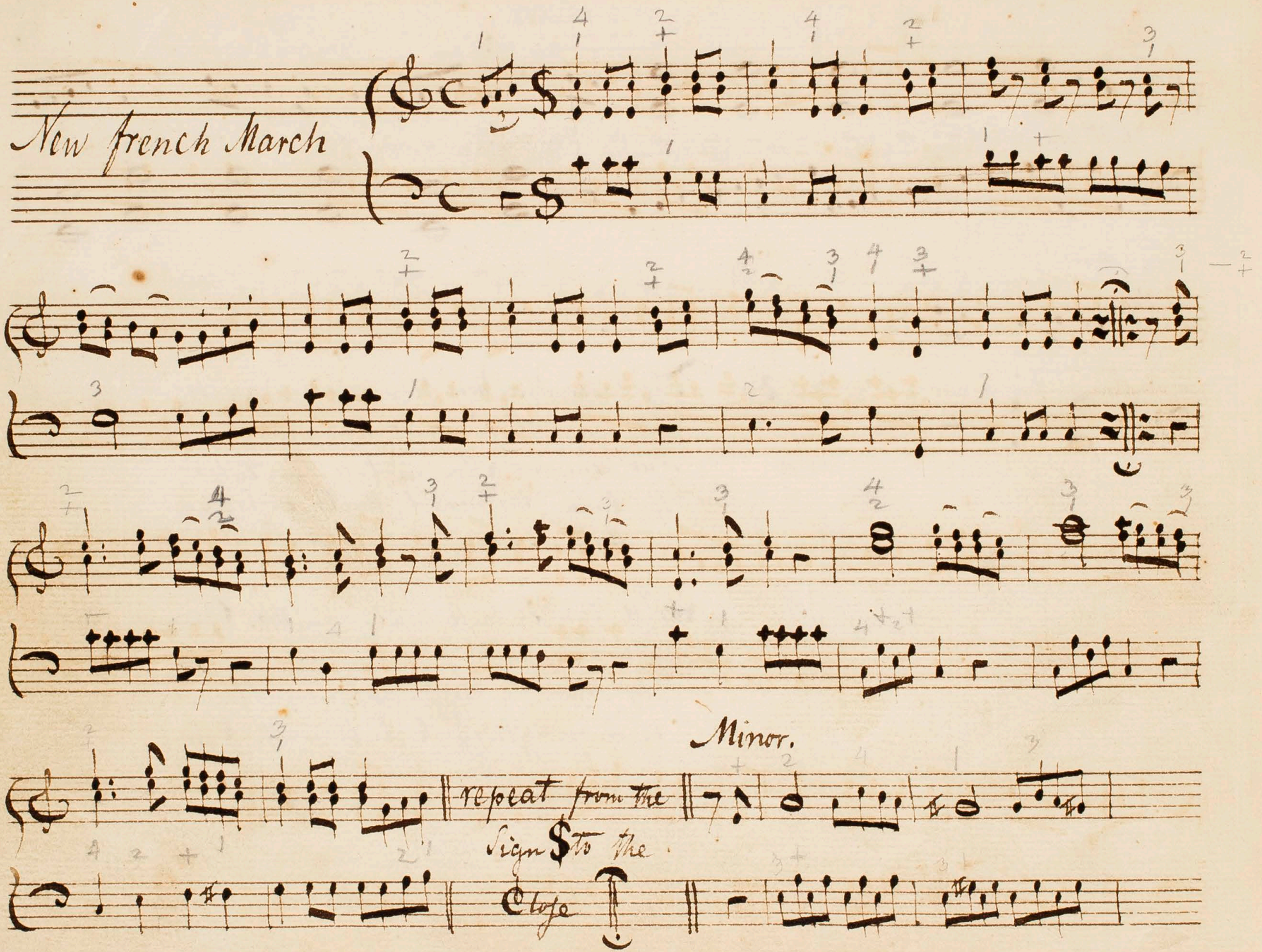


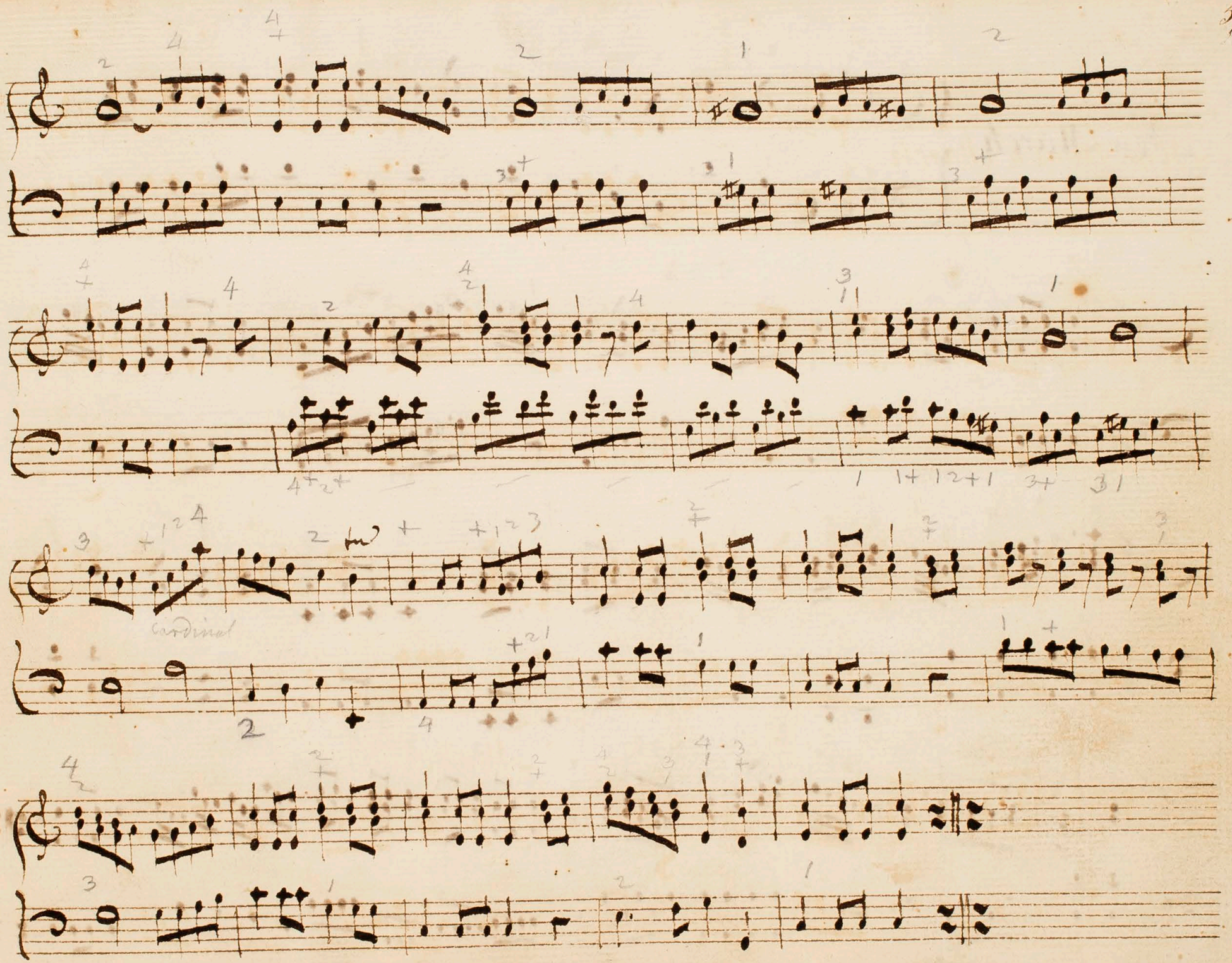


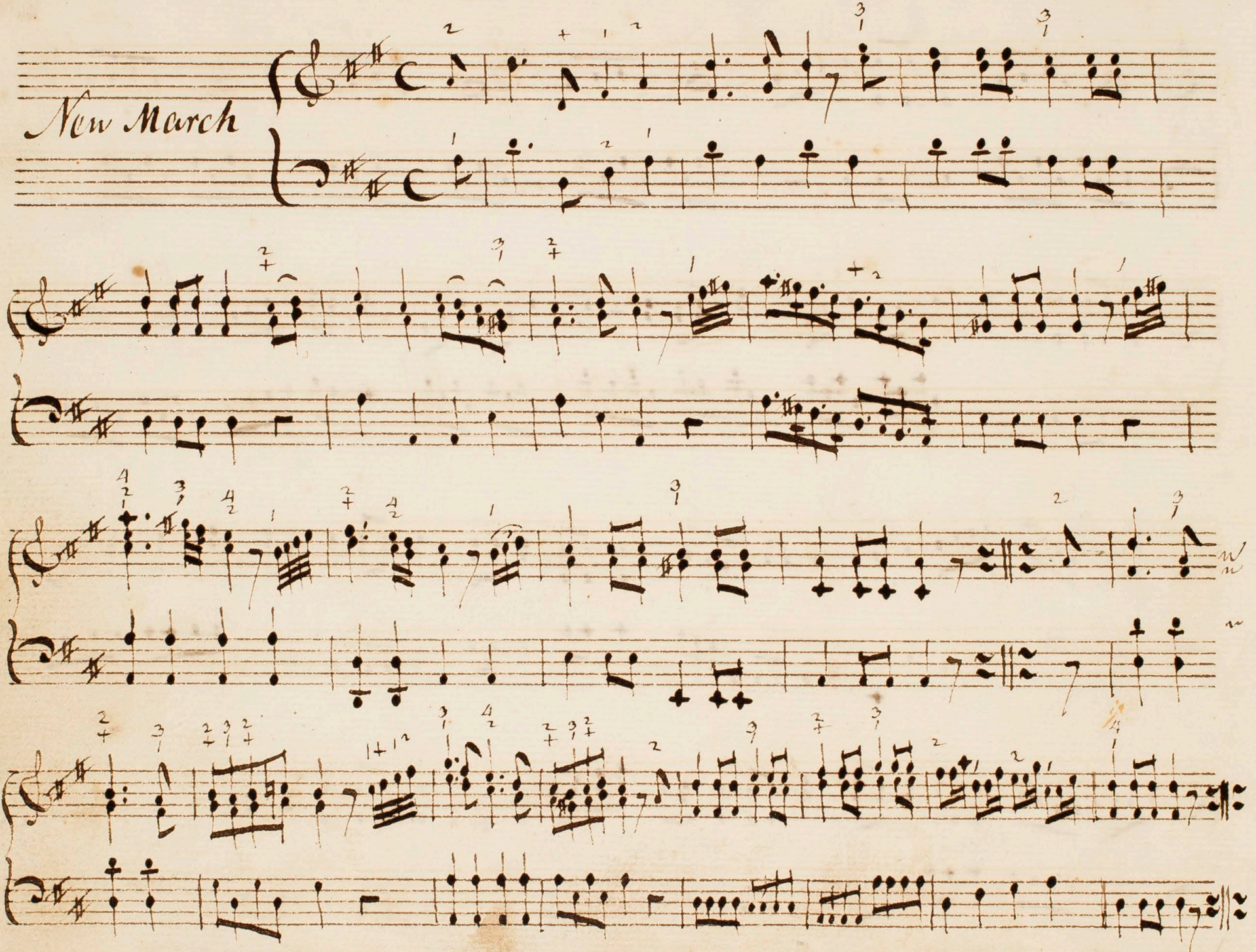
2/

The humming bees flow round in peals,
with mead that's stout and old,
and amrous virgins tell Lovetales
to thaw the heart that's cold. &c
Then follow follow &c

We'll dance so sprightly on the Green,
each Lad will find a Lass
sly stealing kisses when unseen,
and gingling Glass with Glass,
Then follow follow &c

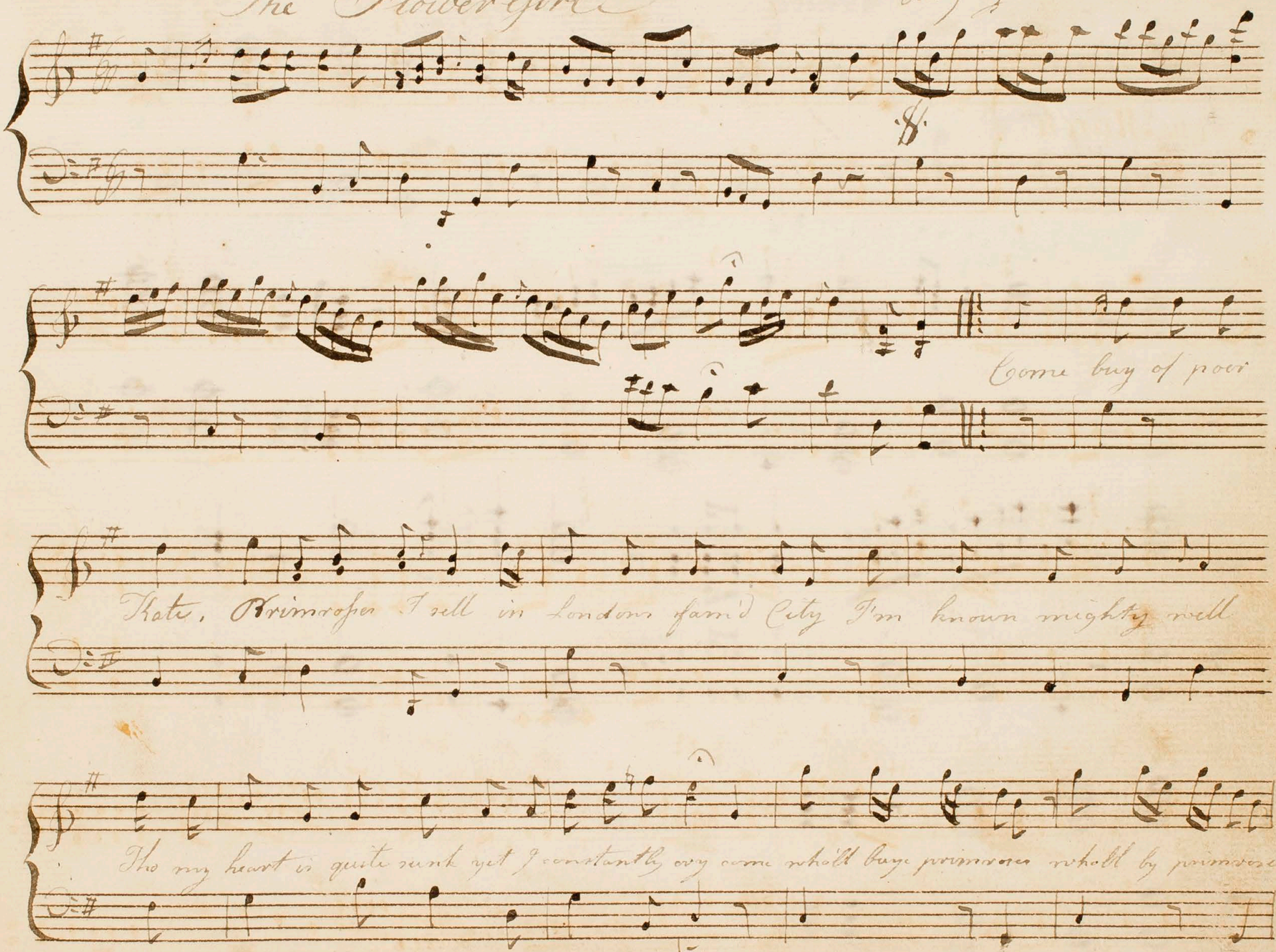

New french March
Minor.
repeat from the Sign $ to the Close


Cardinal


New March

The Flower Girl

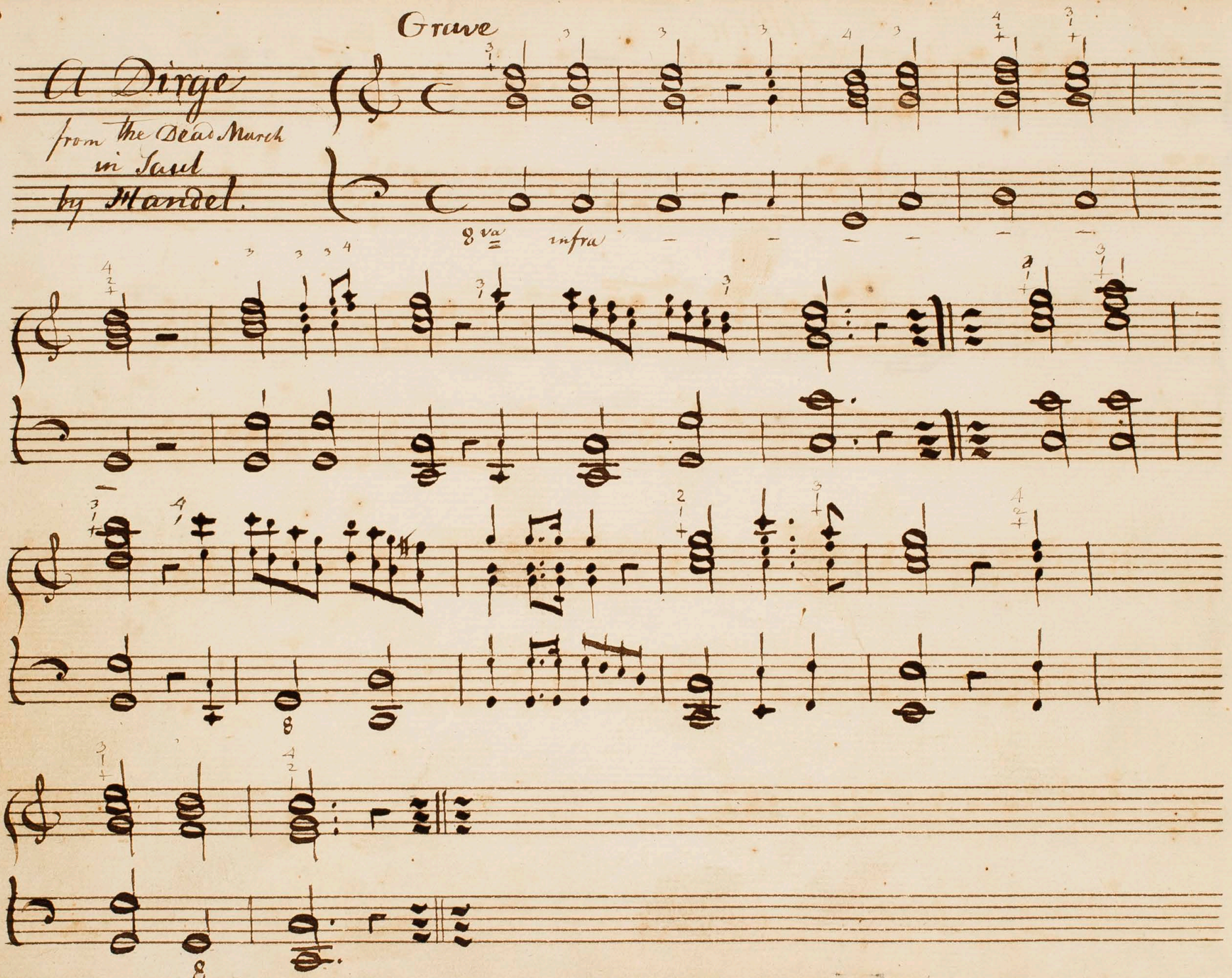
Sung by Mrs Pownell



Grave

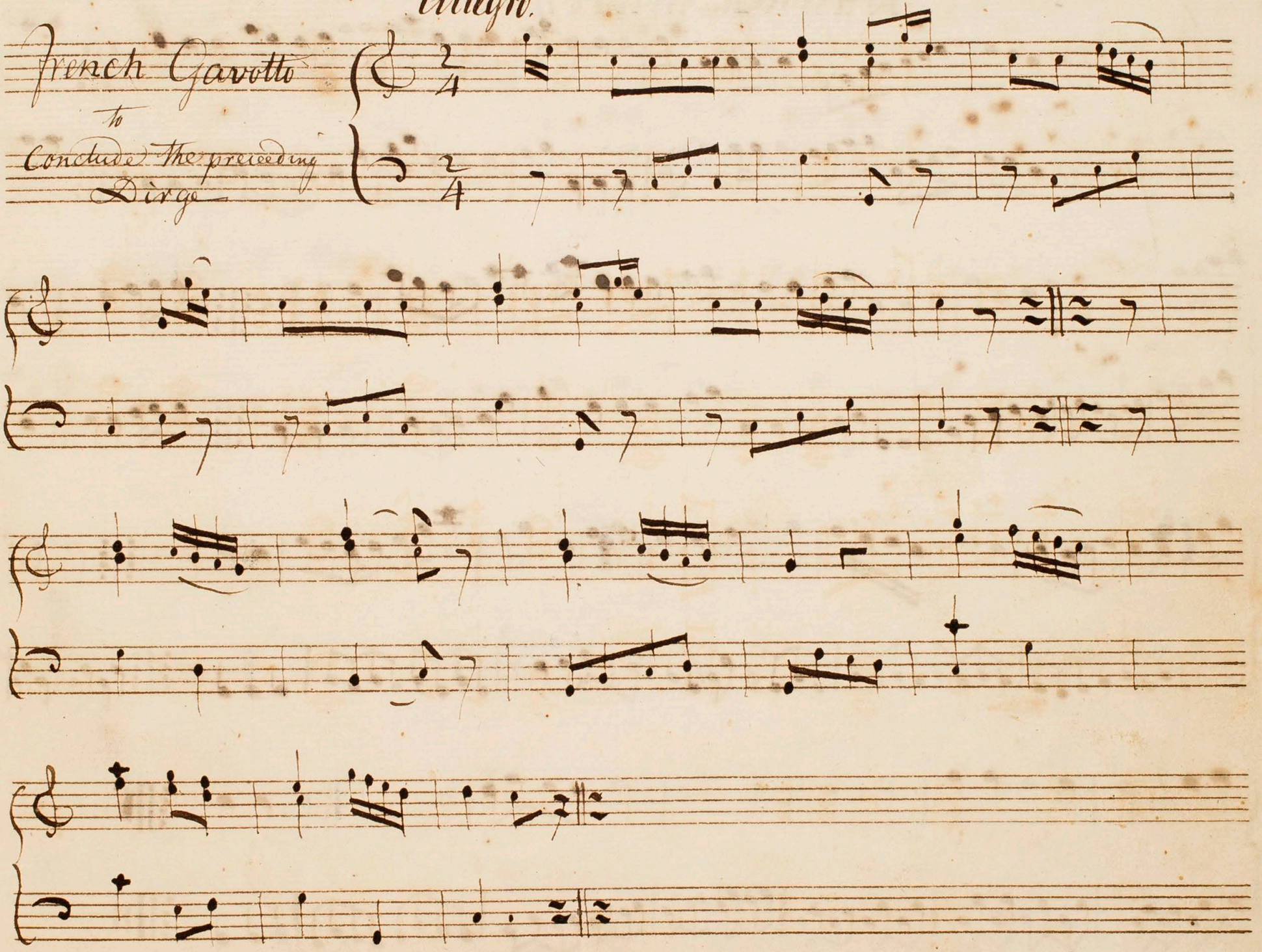
A Dirge

from the Dead March in Saul by Handel.

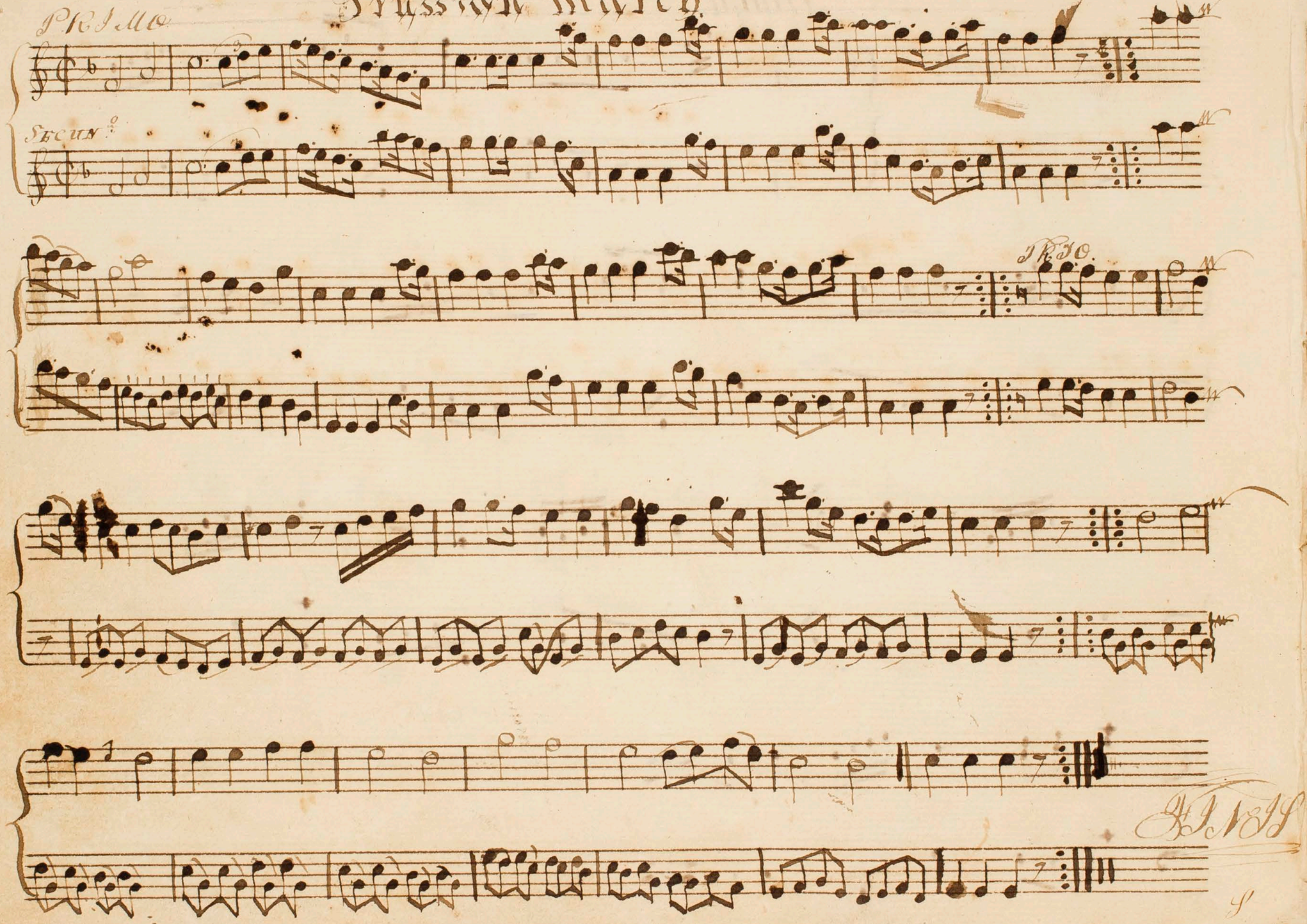


Allegro.

French Gavotte to Conclude the preceding Dirge



Prussian March



Massachusett Quick Step by Fr. MUMFER

Tr. 10

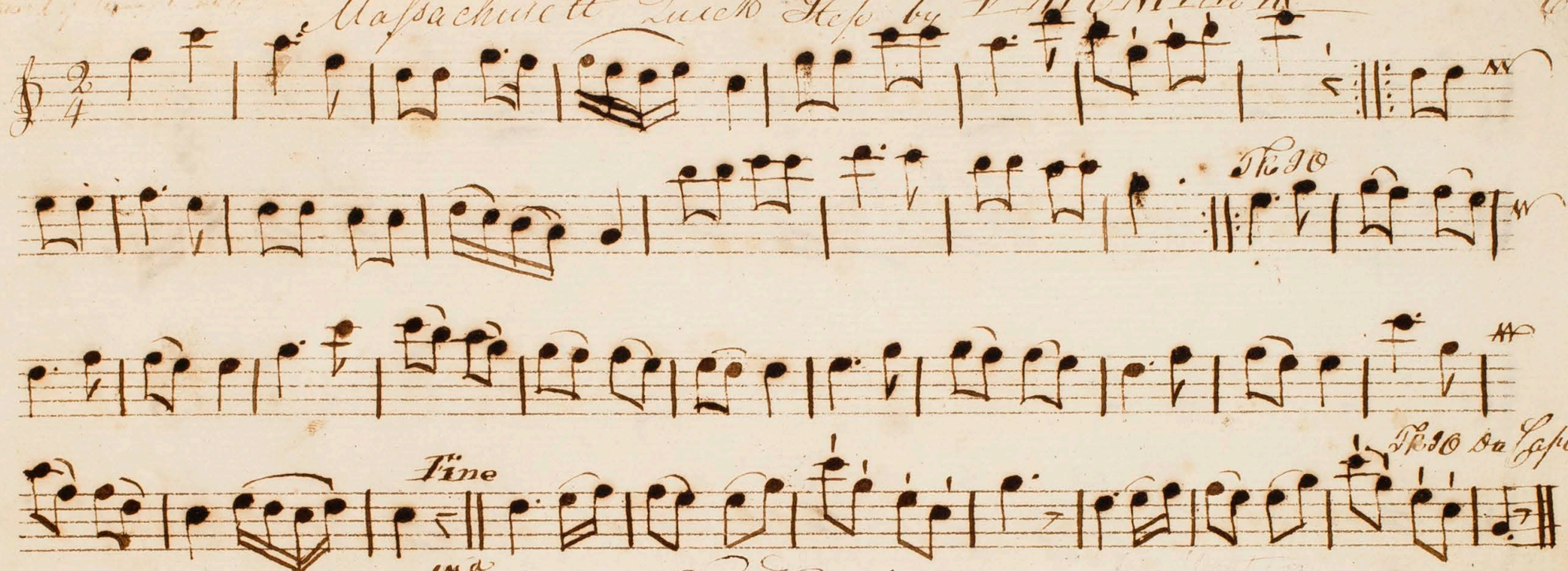
Fine

end

Tr. 10 Da Capo

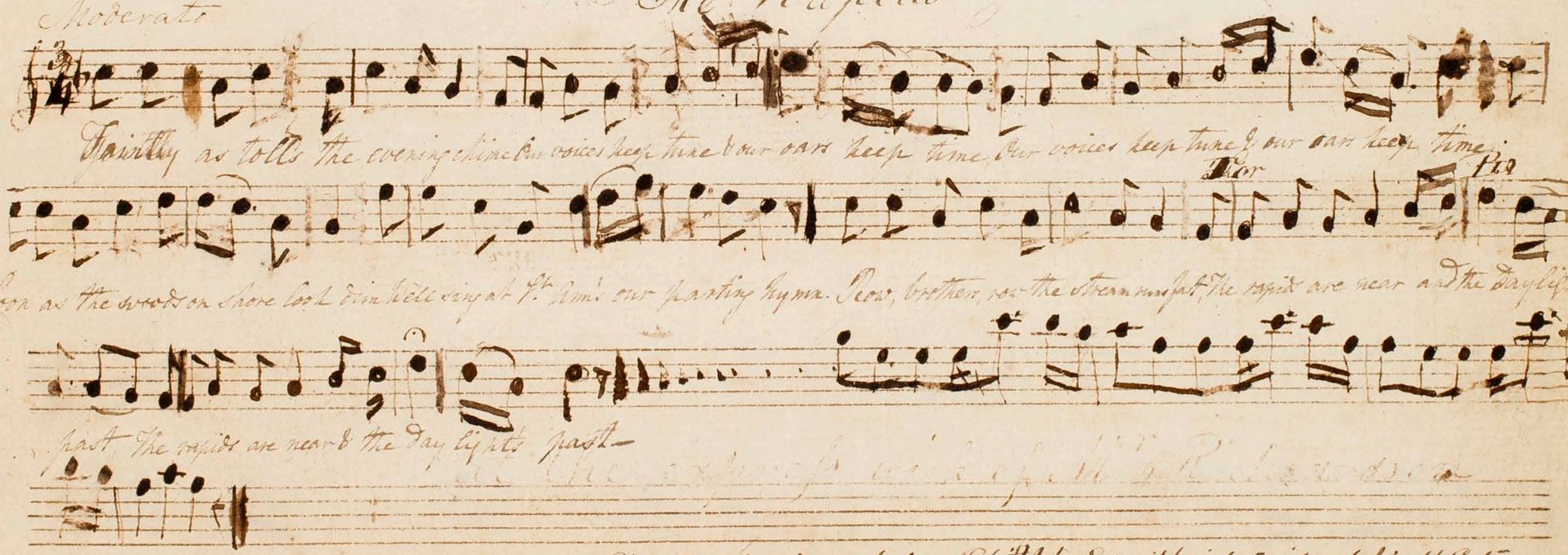
The Rapids

Moderato



Faintly as tolls the evening chime Our voices keep tune & our oars keep time, Our voices keep tune & our oars keep time.

Tor Pro

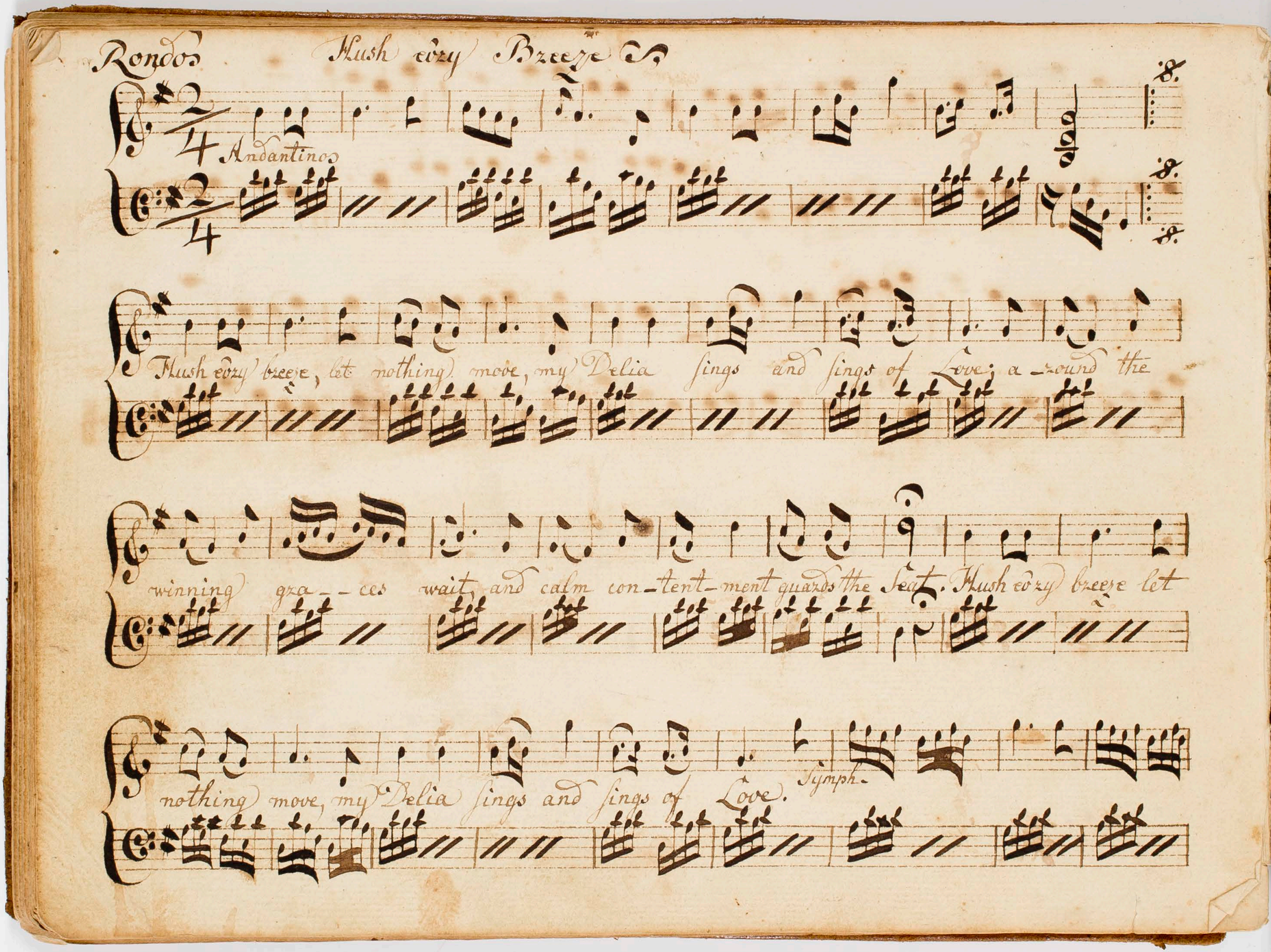


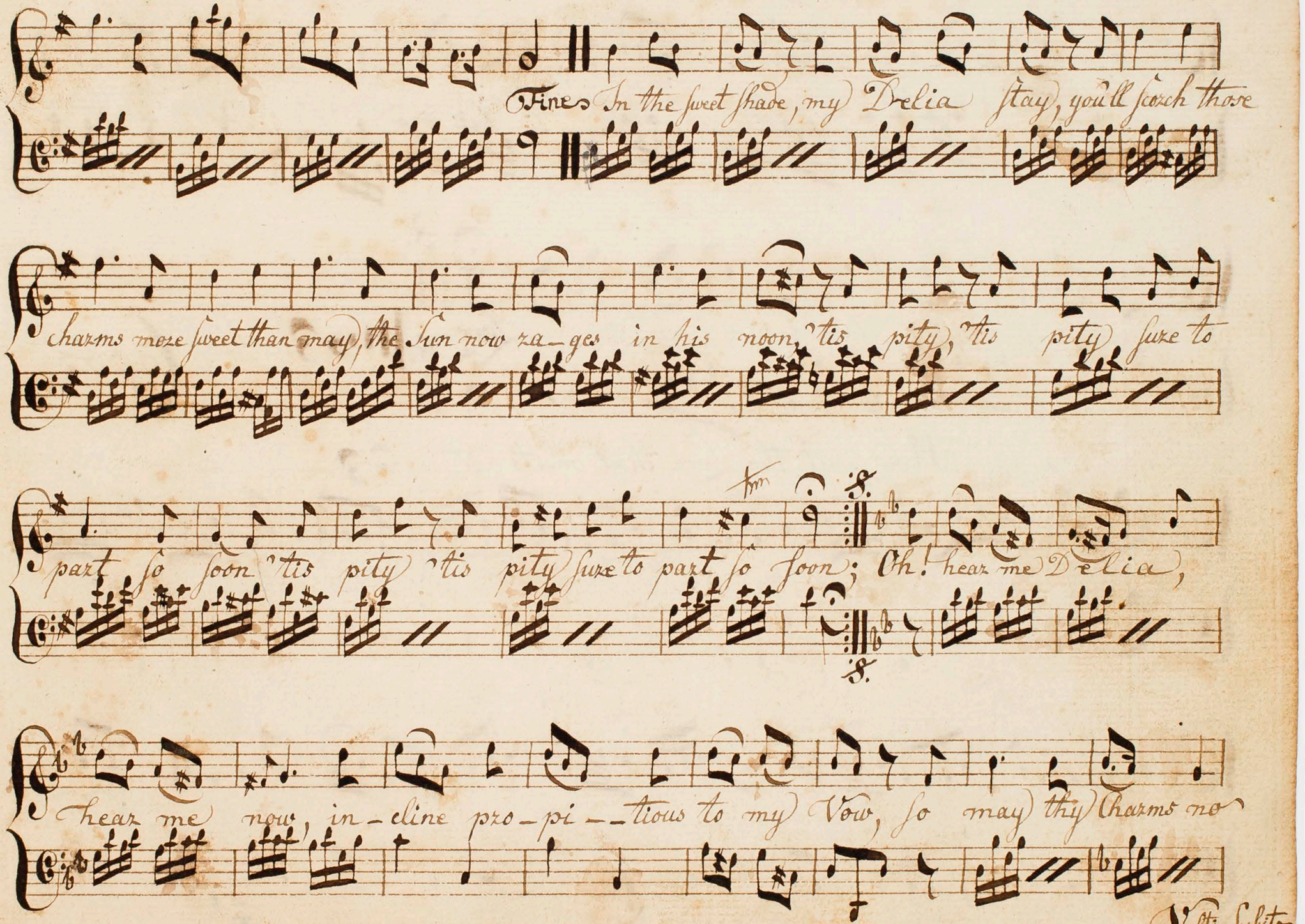
Soon as the woods on shore look dim We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn. Row, brothers, row the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the daylight's

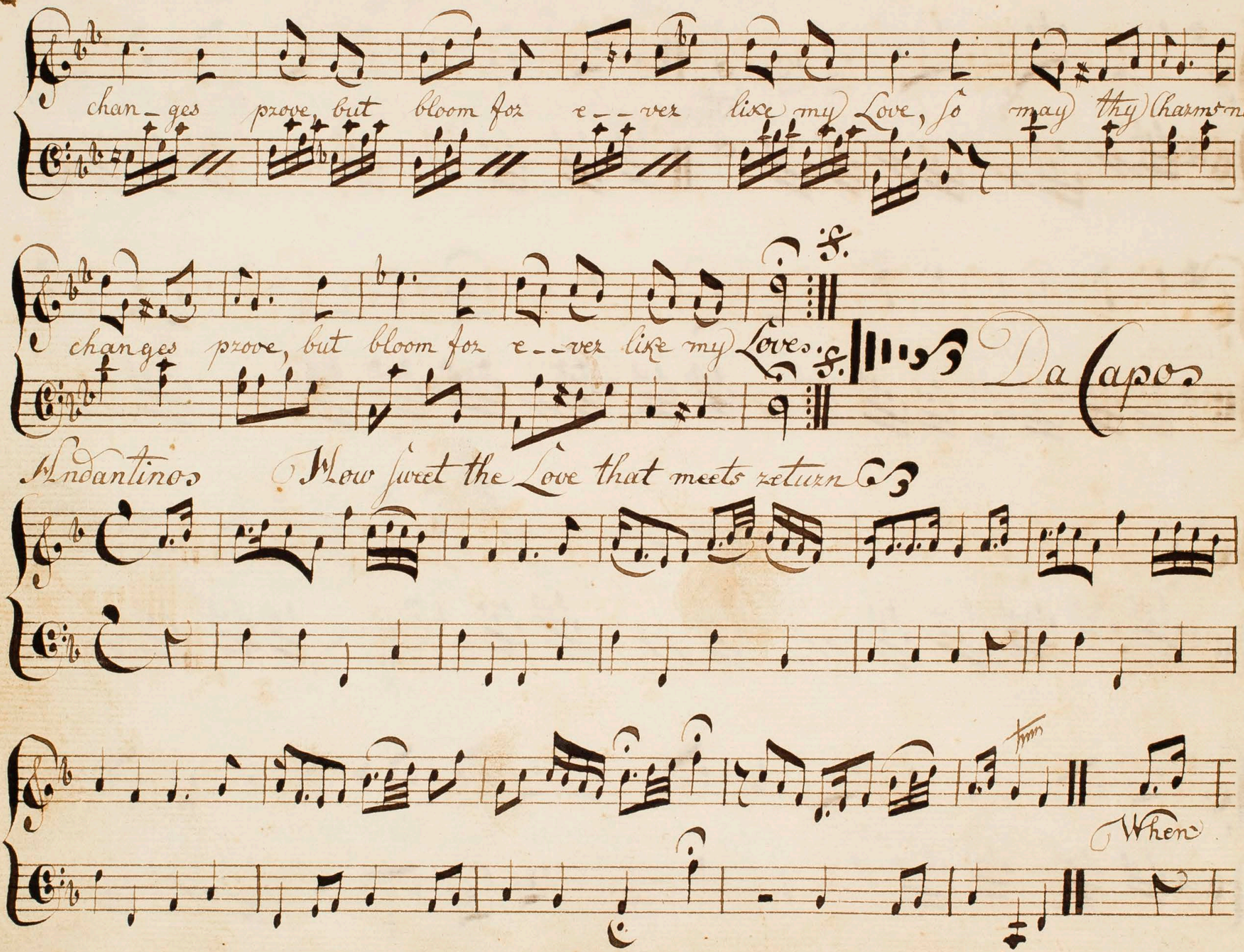
past, The rapids are near & the day light's past—

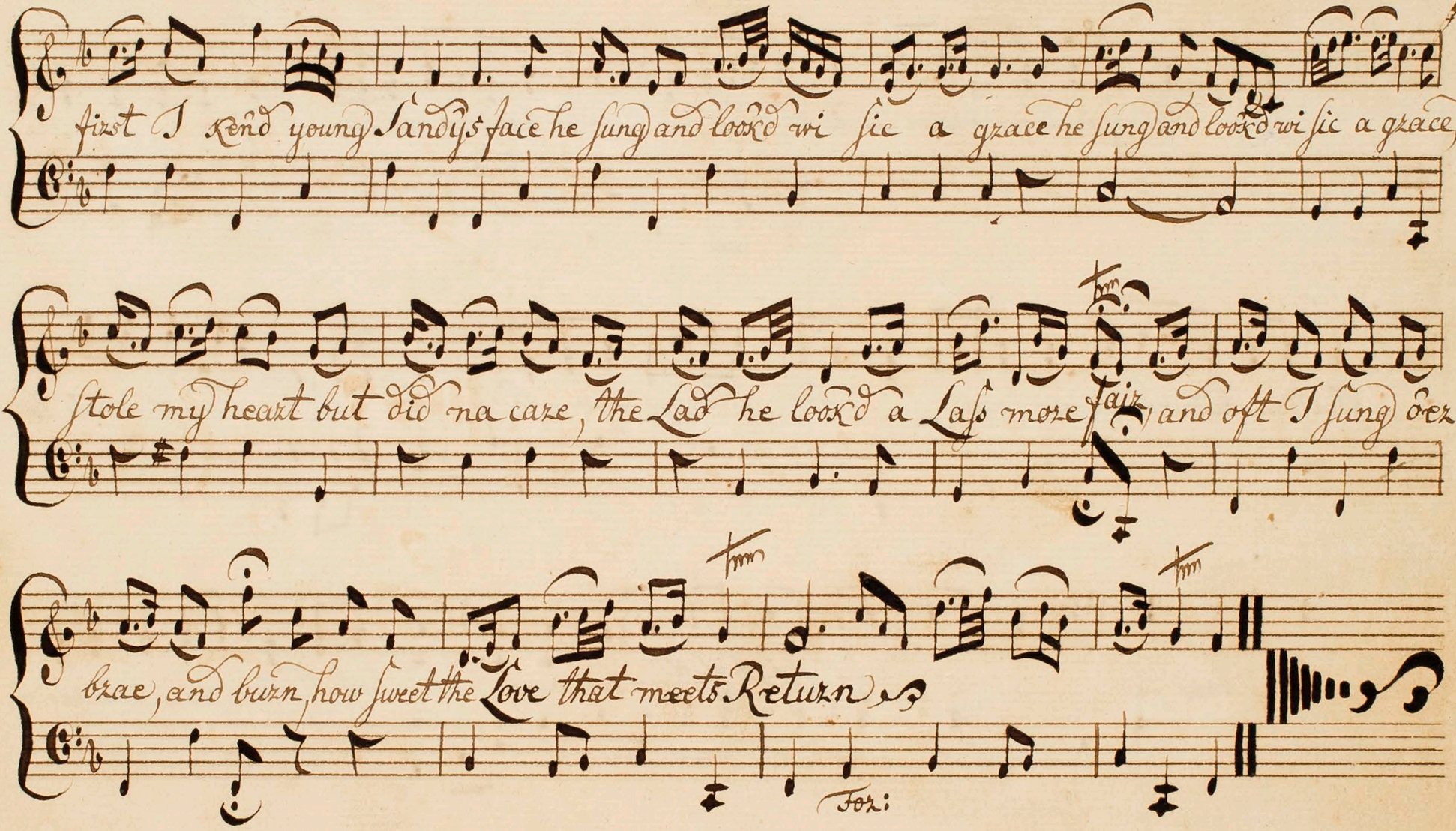
May 15th 1809

C4p 3 2d fr4m m2m4r C. B6 Mass S.a. M4r t4n it mb pirt3 C5 l1r r2q5 2 3t

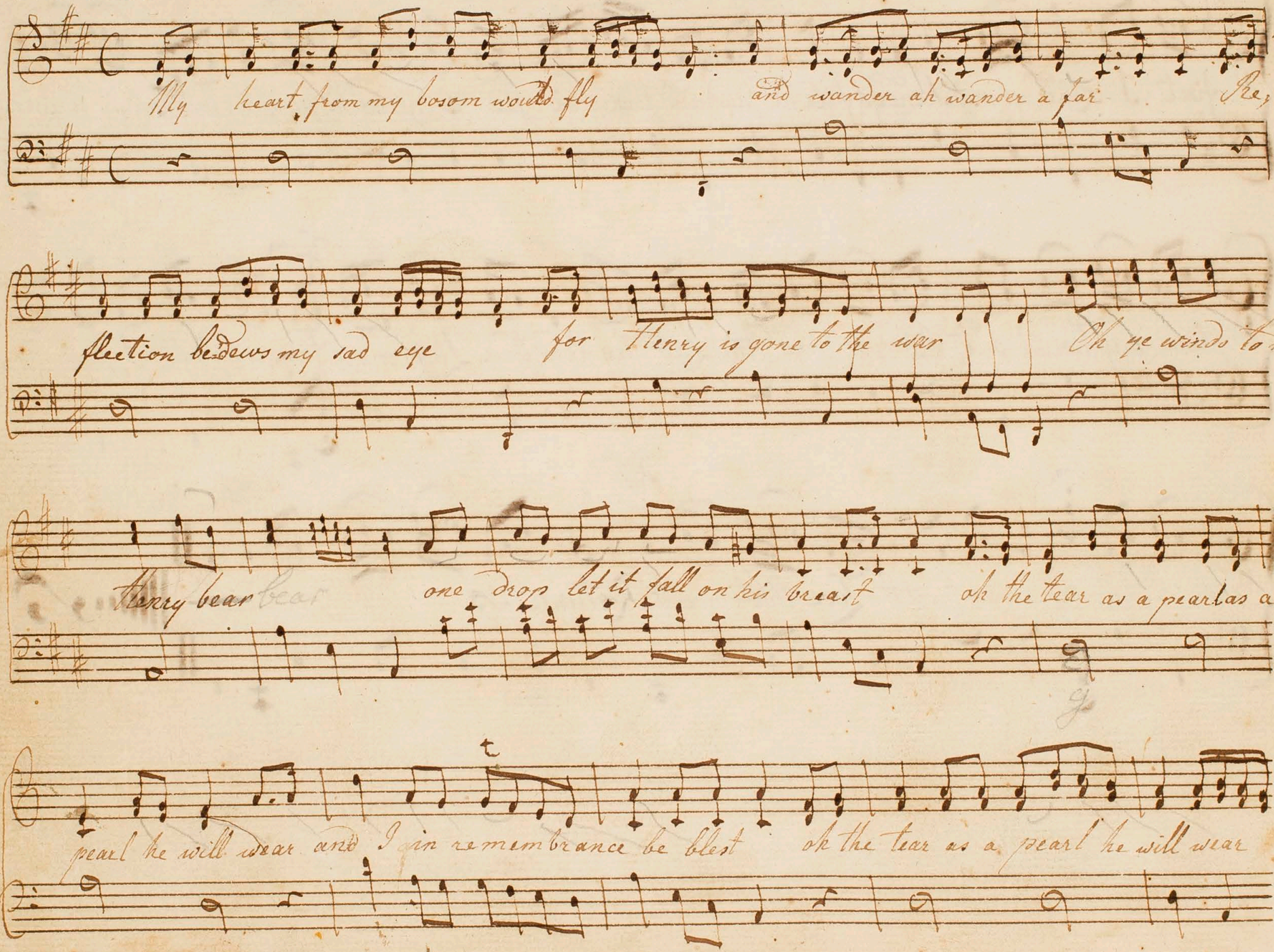

Rondo
Hush every Breeze
Andantino
Hush every breeze, let nothing move, my Delia sings and sings of Love; a-round the
winning gra--ces wait, and calm con-tent-ment guards the Seat. Hush every breeze let
nothing move, my Delia sings and sings of Love.
Symph.

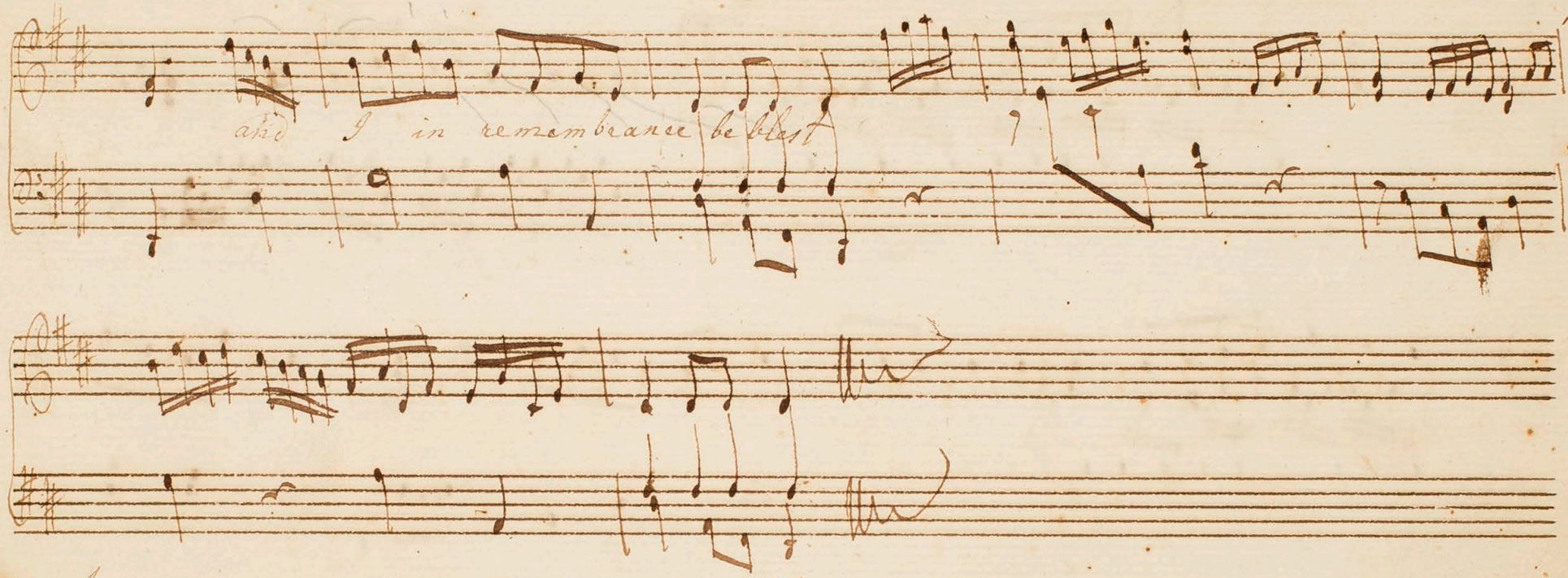

Fine
In the sweet shade, my Delia stay, you'll scorch those
charms more sweet than may, the Sun now ra-ges in his noon, 'tis pity, 'tis pity sure to
part so soon 'tis pity 'tis pity sure to part so soon; Oh! hear me Delia,
hear me now, in-cline pro-pi--tious to my Vow, so may thy Charms no
Volti Subito


chan_ges prove, but bloom for e__ver like my Love, so may thy Charms no
changes prove, but bloom for e__ver like my Loves
Da Capo
Andantino
How sweet the Love that meets return
When


first I kend young Sandys face he sung and look'd wi sic a grace he sung and look'd wi sic a grace, he
stole my heart but did na care, the Lad he look'd a Lass more fair, and oft I sung o'er
brae, and burn, how sweet the Love that meets Return
For:

The Tear

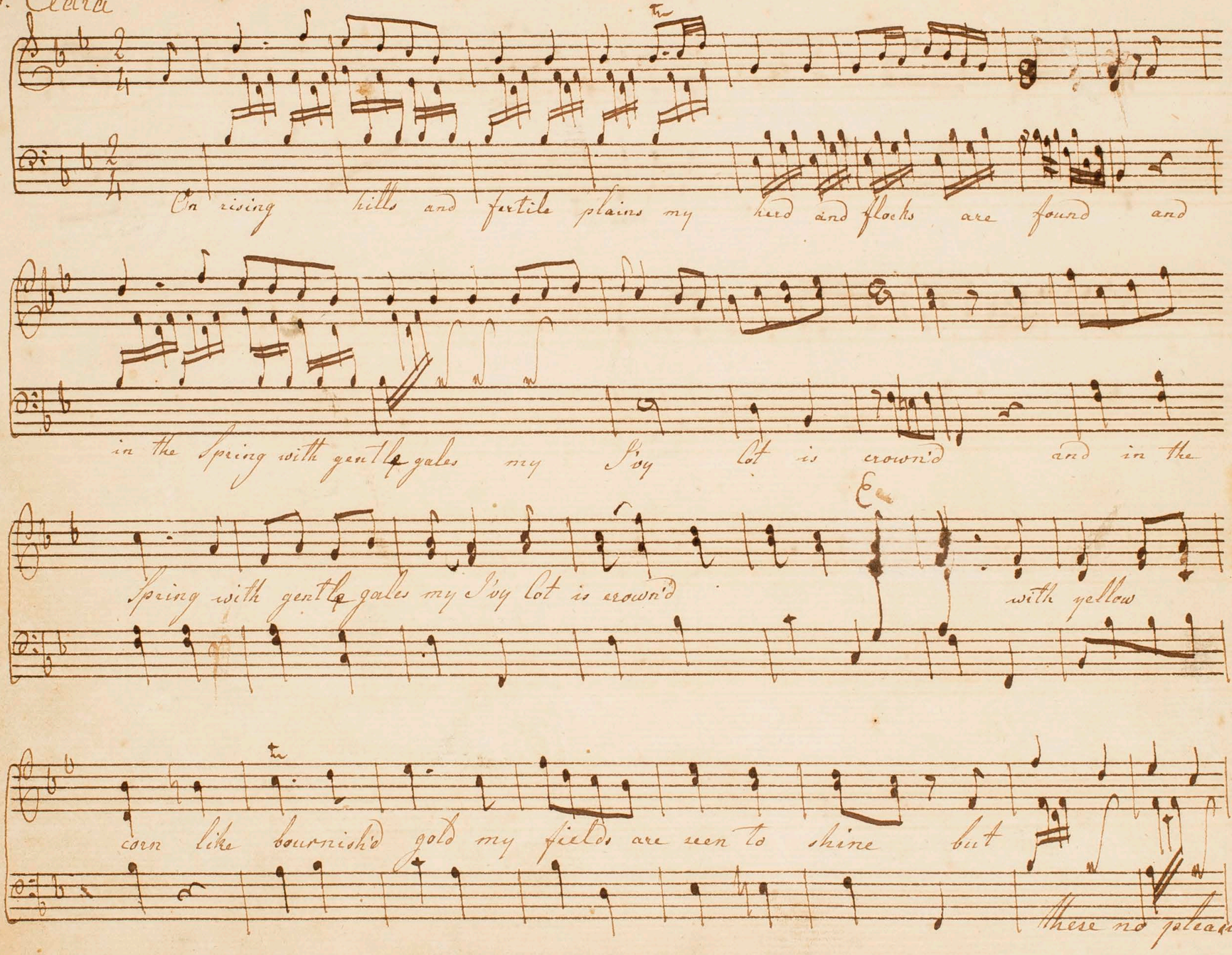

My heart from my bosom would fly
and wander ah wander afar
Re,
flection bedews my sad eye
for Henry is gone to the war
Oh ye winds to my
Henry bear
one drop let it fall on his breast
oh the tear as a pearl as a
pearl he will wear and I in remembrance be blest
oh the tear as a pearl he will wear

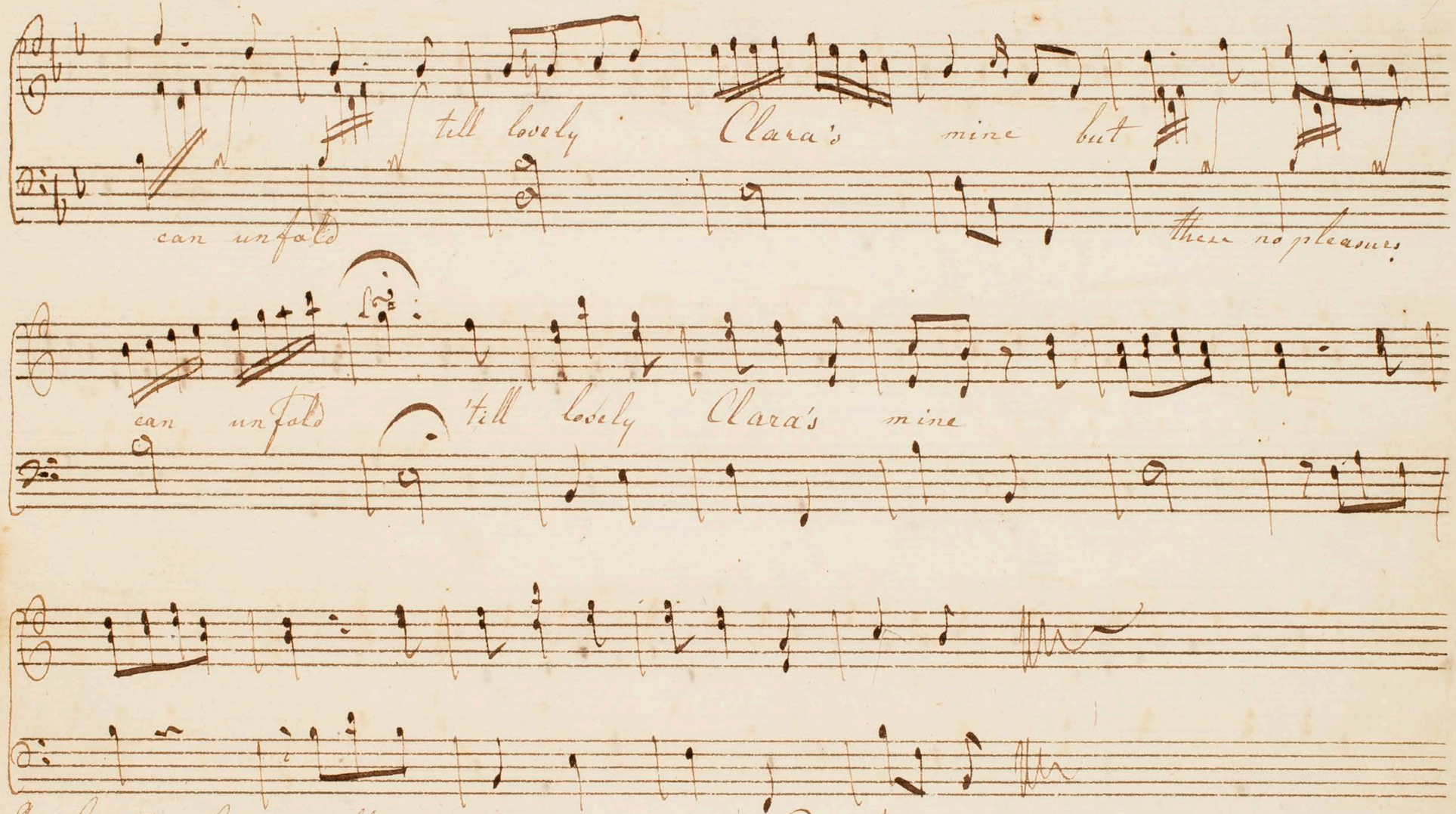


In vain smile the glitt'ring scene
In vain blows the rose at Flow'r
The sun shine of April's not seen
I have only to do with the show'r
Oh ye winds &c.

Oh ye winds that have been him away
Restore my dear Youth to my Arms
Restore me to sun=shine and day
Tis night till my hevay returns
Oh ye winds

Clara

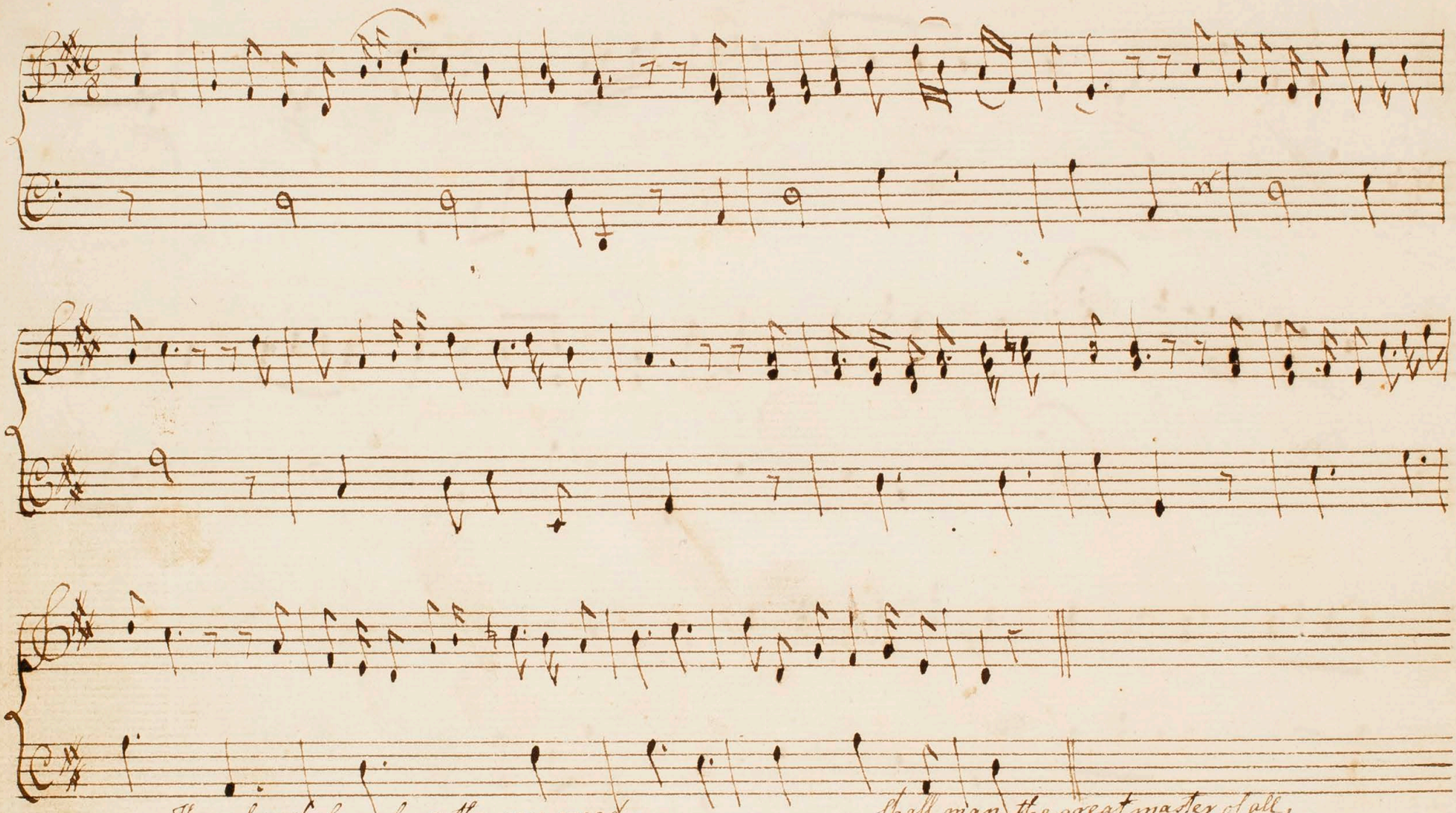

On rising hills and fertile plains my herd and flocks are found and
in the Spring with gentle gales my Joy Lot is crown'd and in the
Spring with gentle gales my Joy Lot is crown'd with yellow
corn like bournish'd gold my fields are seen to shine but
these no pleasures



The Shepherds lad of humbler note, is happier far than me
For he has got but little thoughts, his heart his mind is free
I'm vain I boast of wealth and store, while inwardly I pine
But what is wealth, or what is pow'r till lovely Clara's mine

How charmingly the spring wou'd smile, how bright each (prospect round
I'd laugh at care, I'd laugh at toil, with her dear love once crown'd
Oh listen to my ardent pray'r, ye pow'rs of love divine
Reward my truth, Reward my care, by making Clara mine

Eve's Hymn in The Oratorio of Abel.

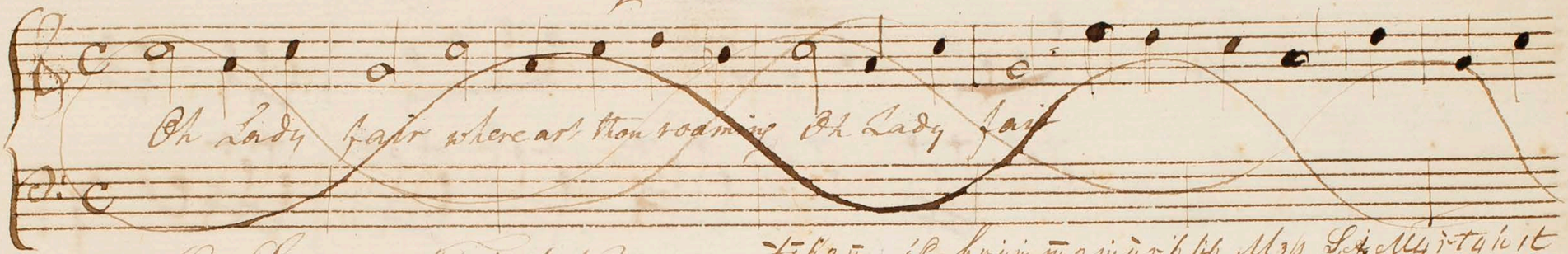


How chearful, a long the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
The myrtles, that shade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage, that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God!

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and love!
The Lord! who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall be wrapt in my God!

Oh Lady Fair

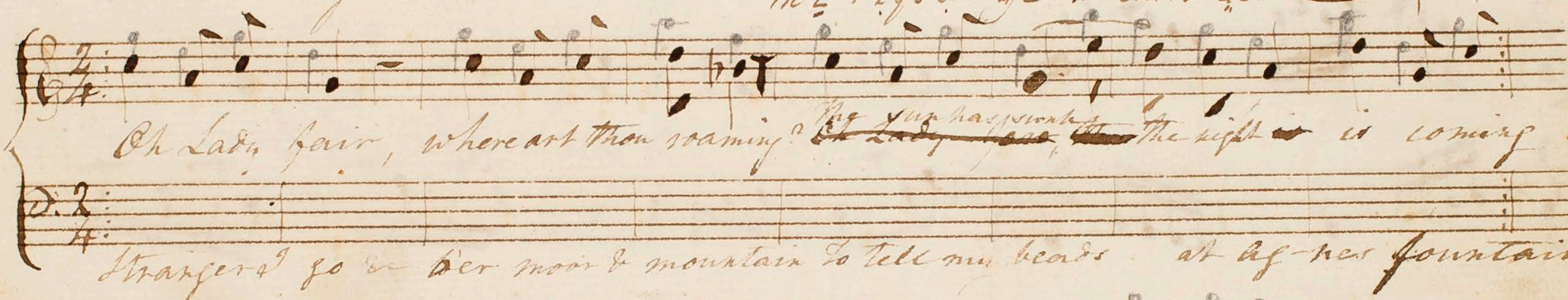
Oh Lady fair where art thou roaming Oh Lady fair

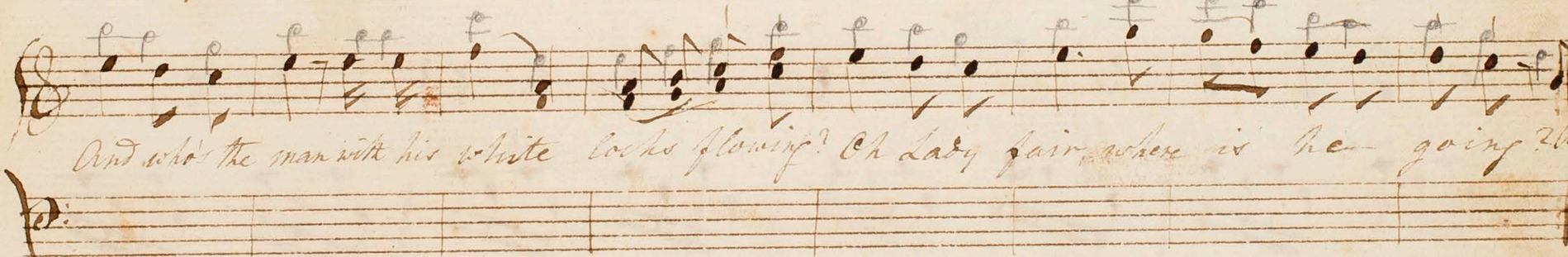


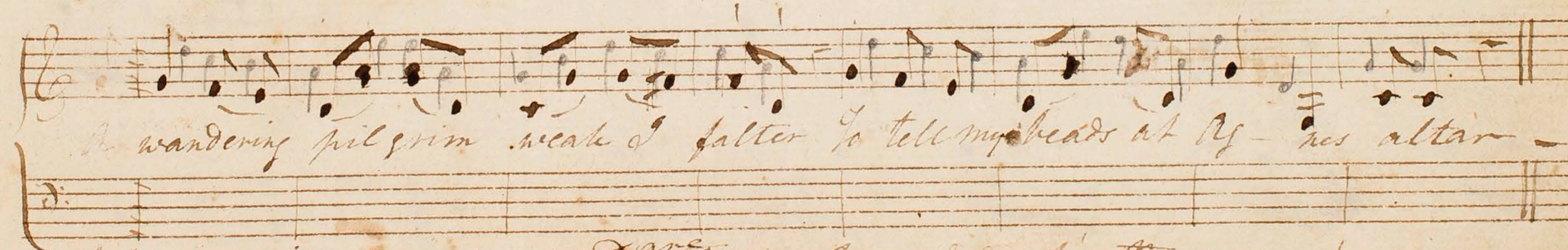
O Lady Fair

Oh Lady fair, where art thou roaming? ~~Oh Lady fair~~ the sun has sunk, ~~the~~ the night ~~is~~ is coming

Stranger I go ~~a~~ ber moor & mountain To tell my beads at Ag-nes fountain





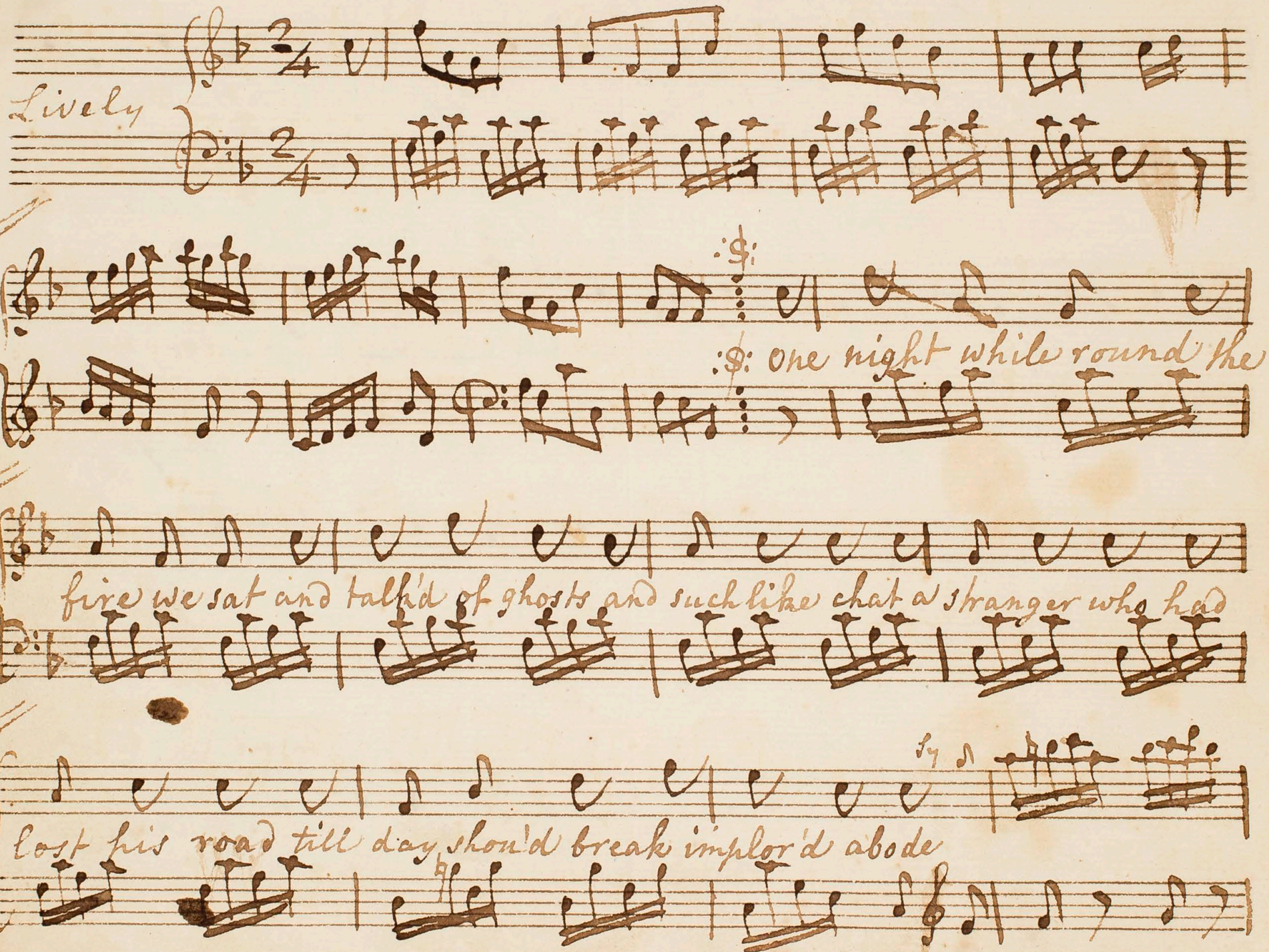


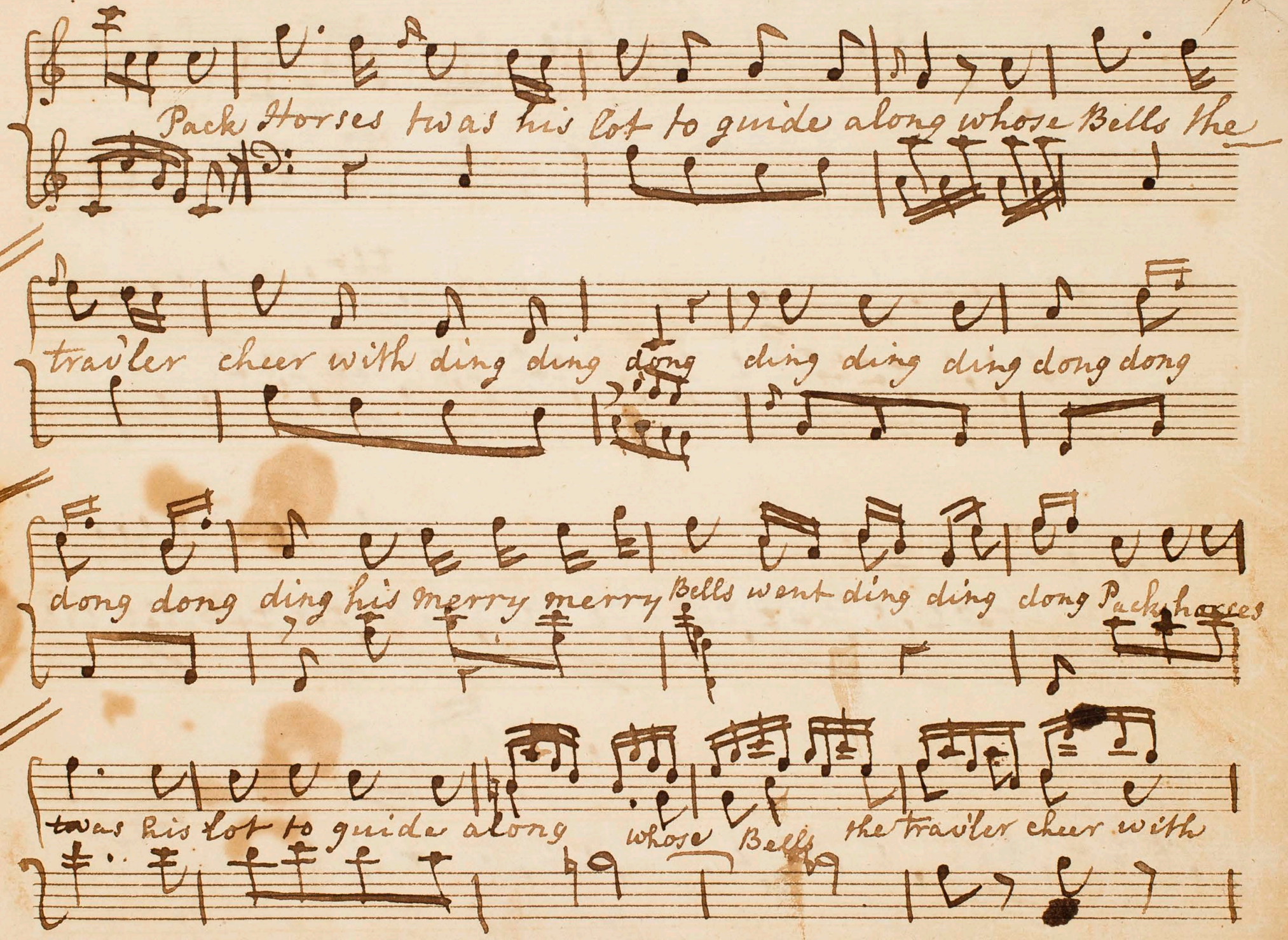
And who's the man with his white locks flowing? Oh Lady fair where is he going? A

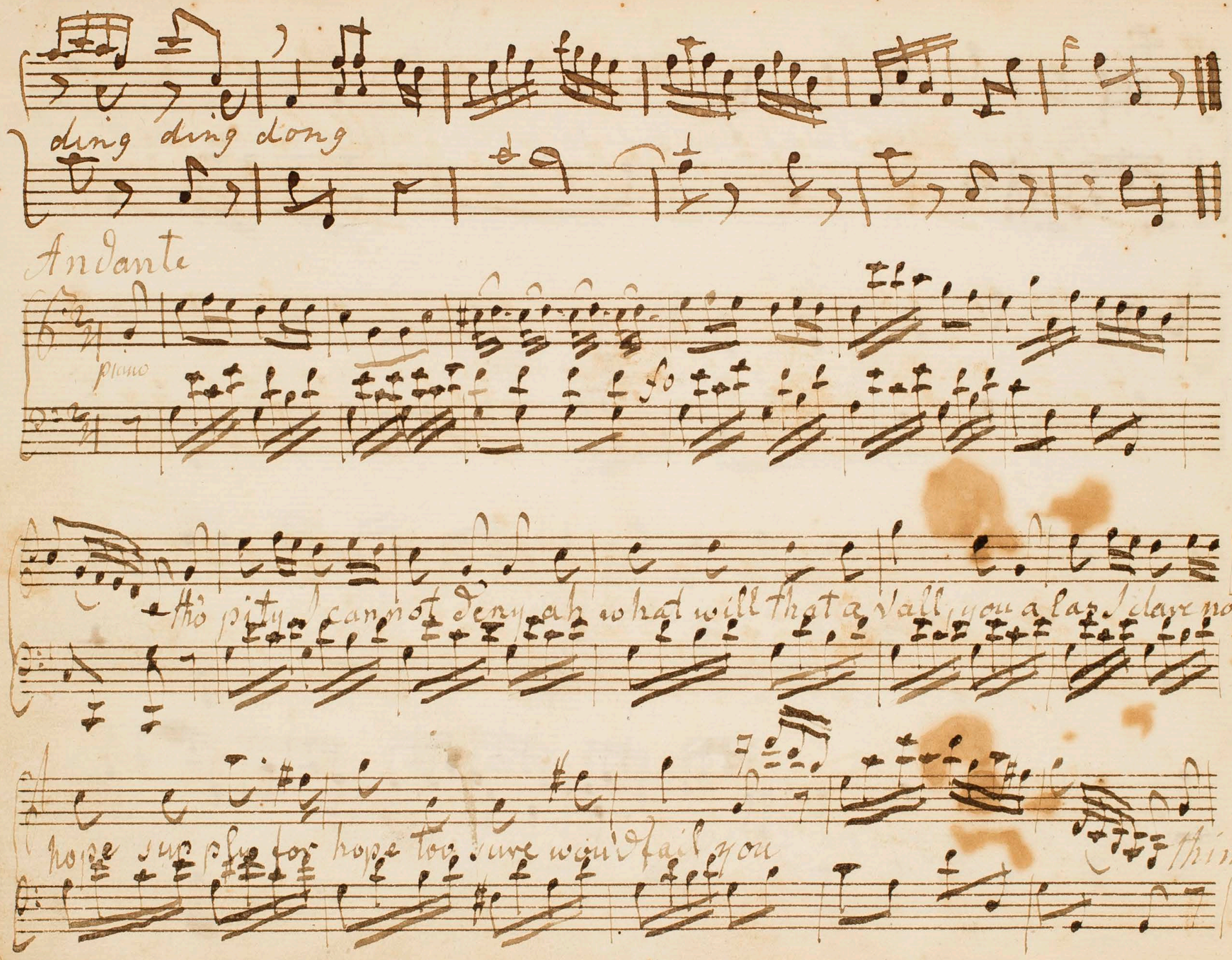
A wandering pilgrim weak I falter To tell my beads at Ag-nes altar

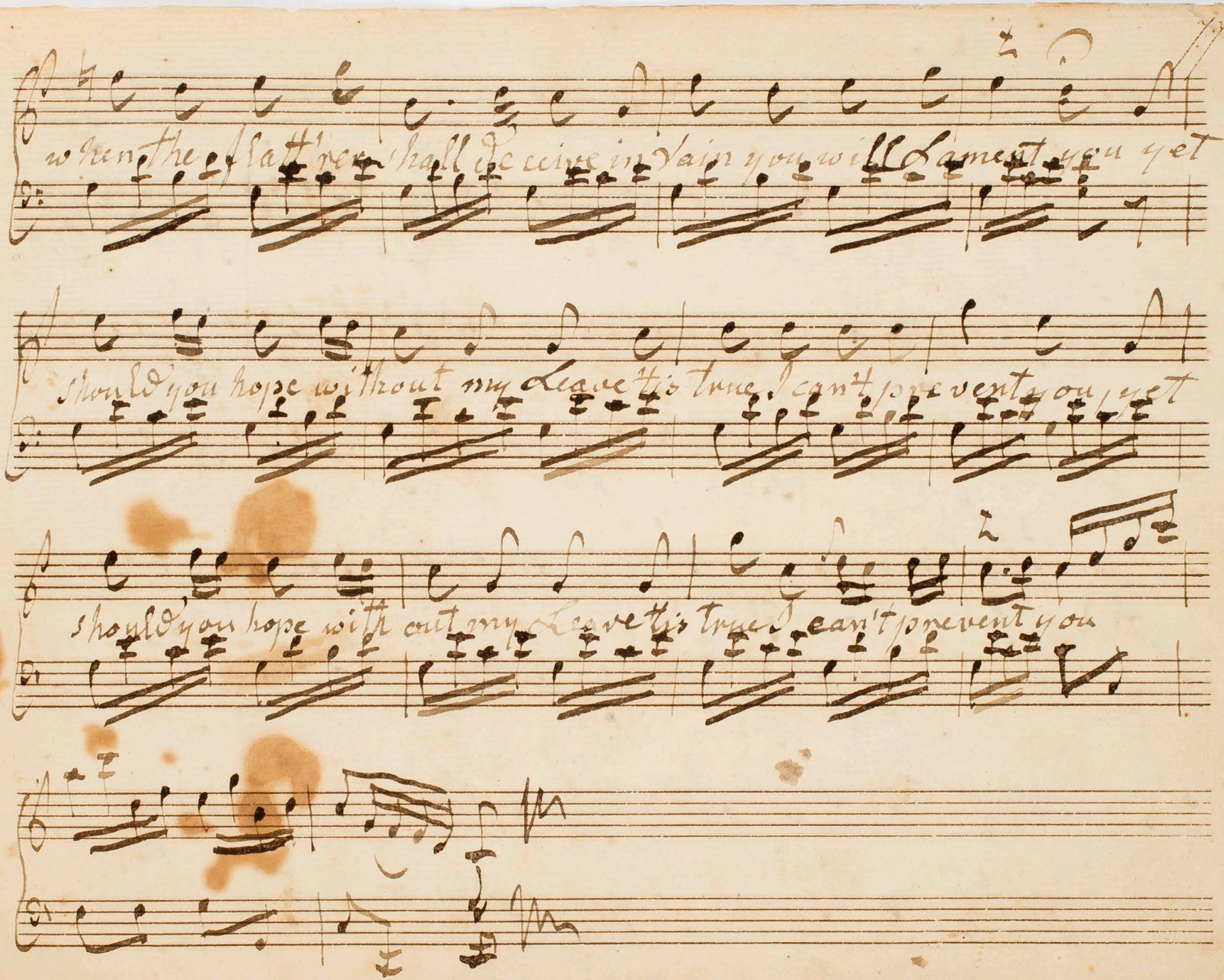
* Chill ~~blows~~ falls the rain, ~~the~~ night winds are blowing; Dreary & dark's the way we're going

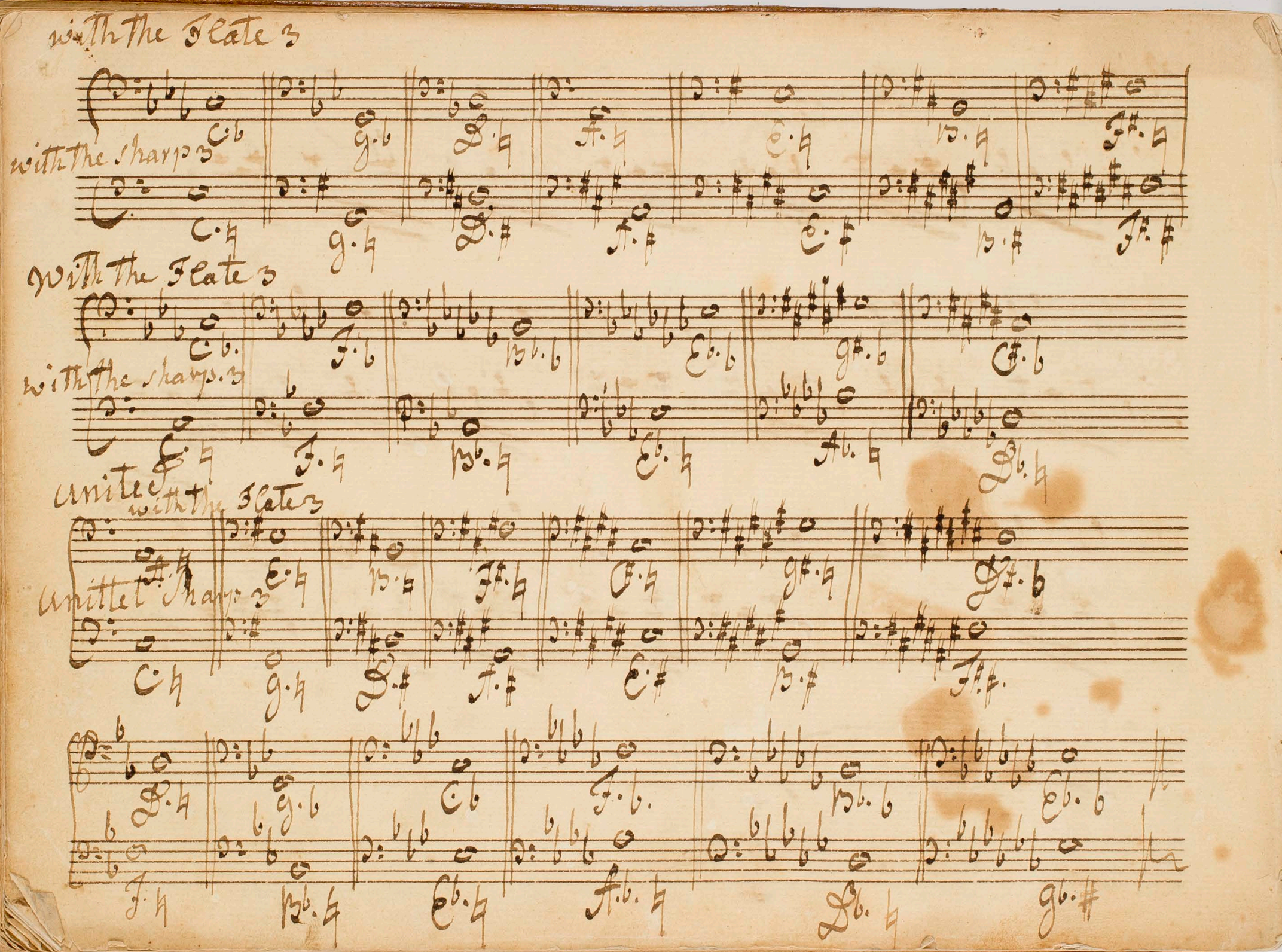
The Pack horse Bells



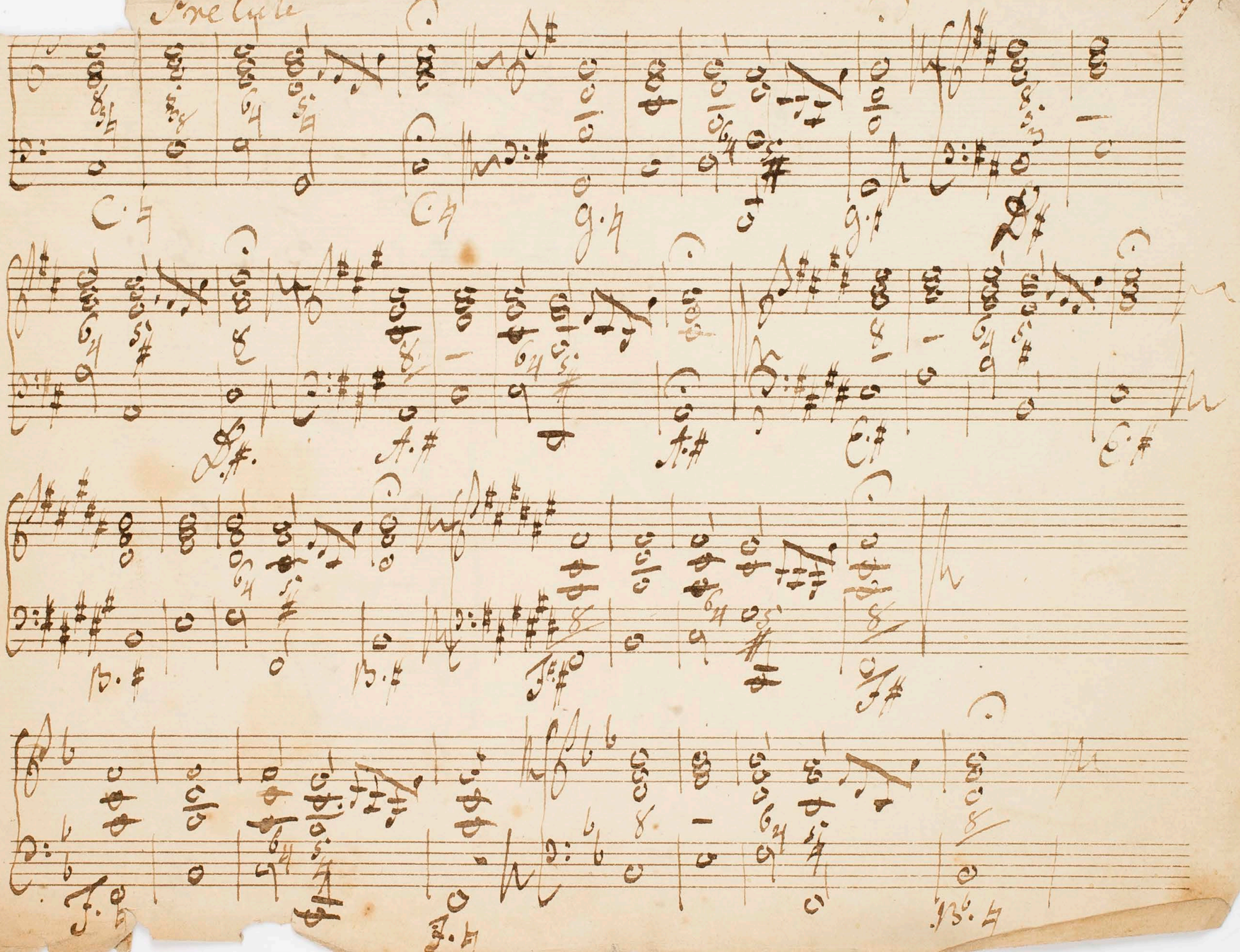

Pack Horses twas his lot to guide along whose Bells the
traveler cheer with ding ding dong ding ding ding dong dong
dong dong ding his merry merry Bells went ding ding dong Pack horses
twas his lot to guide along whose Bells the traveler cheer with

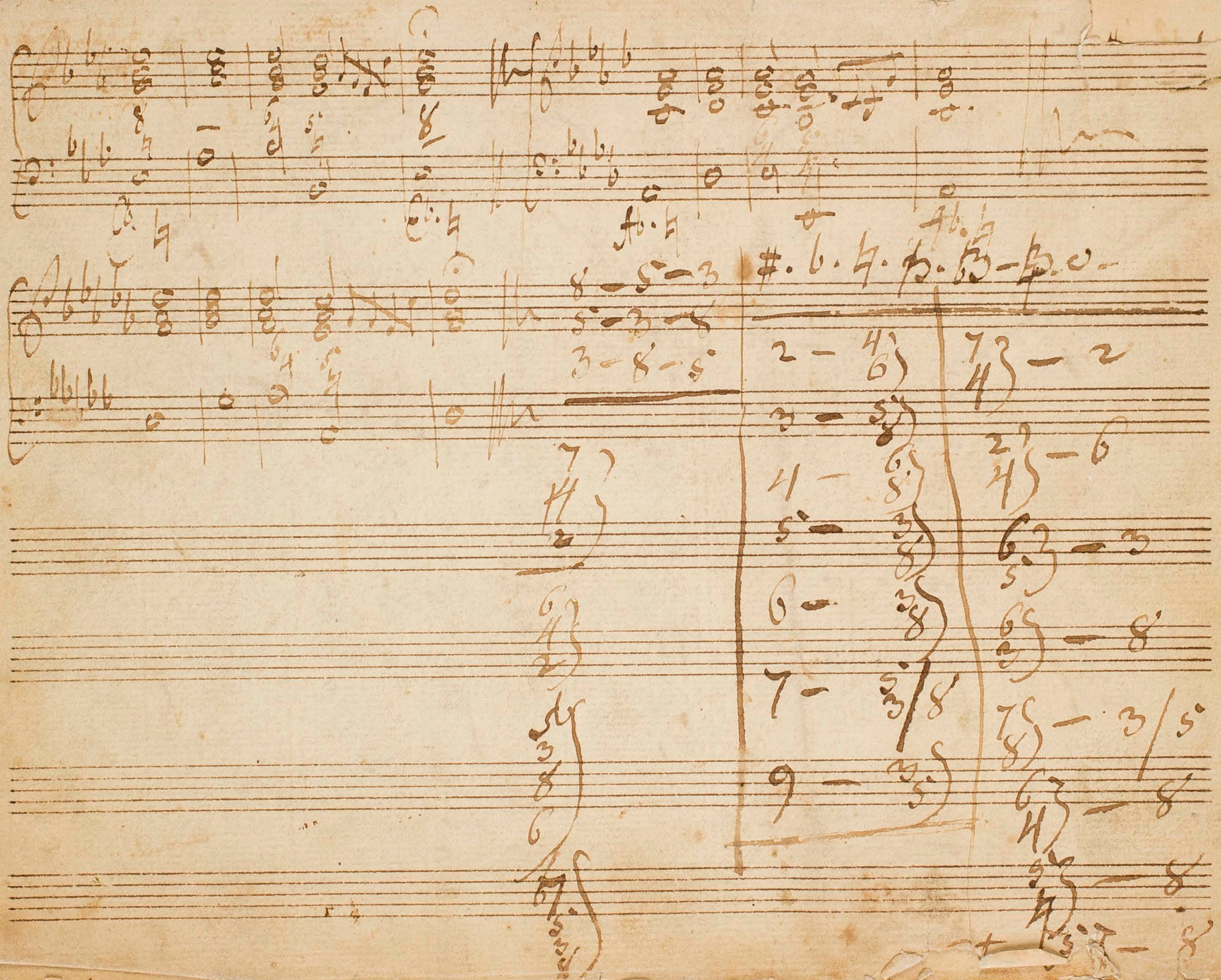
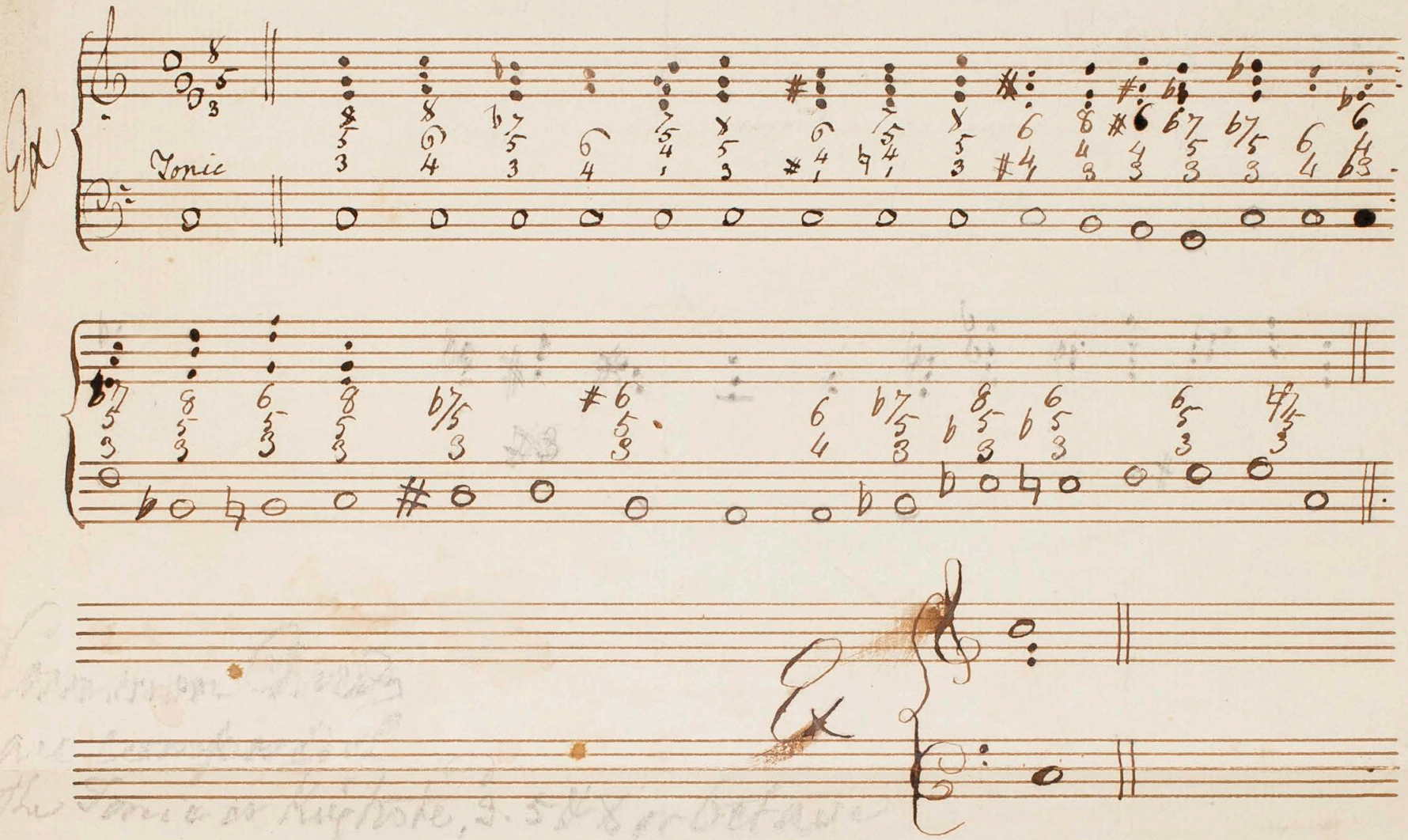

ding ding dong
Andante
piano
fo
tho pity I cannot deny ah what will that a vall you alas I dare not
hope sup ply for hope too sure wou'd fail you
think


when the flatt'rer shall deceive in vain you will lament you yet
Should you hope without my Leave 'tis true I can't prevent you yet
Should you hope with out my Leave 'tis true I can't prevent you


with the flats
with the sharps
with the flats
with the sharps
united with the flats
united with sharps

Prelude





Common Chords are Composed of the
Tonic or Key note – 3rd 5th & 8th or Octave